

THE
RUMP:
OR
The Mirrour
OF
The late Times.
A NEW
COMEDY,

Written by J. TATHAM, Gent.

Acted many times with Great Applause,
At the Private House in Dorset Court.

The Second Impression, Newly Corrected, with Additions.

London, Printed by W. Godbid for R. Bloomer. 1661.

*collated
&
Perfect.
J. E. 1814*



COMPTON

At the residence of the Comptons
in the City of London

The second impression, newly corrected and revised

In the third year of the reign of King Charles the first



To my deservedly Honoured Friend,
WALTER JAMES
of Ramden-house in Smarden in the
County of Kent Esquire.

SIR,



S you were pleased to Honour me
with Your Acquaintance and
Friendship (a hard thing in those
Iron dayes) So Your Merit
and Favours oblig'd me to this
Duty. You had the sight of the Brat in its
swadling Clouts (my loose Papers, ere it was
fully shap'd for the Stage) And through
that Obscurity, You were pleased to discover
something of Hope; that it might Live and
Prosper; and from thence I deriv'd an Encou-
ragement to cherish the Youngling, till it was
fit for Service, and then turn'd her off to shift
for her self; How she hath pleas'd, is not
for me to boast; onely I may say this, That

The Epistle Dedicatory.

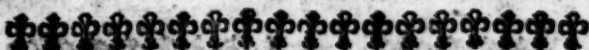
those to whom she had Relation wish they had
her again, and would make more of her; for
though her Name may seem to blemish her,
I will assure you she carries no obscene pot,
about her. Transferr'd to other hands she be-
came a Traveller (for which I am to beg
your Pardon, in that she went without your
Licence (and indeed my Privity.) But be-
ing now upon a second Adventure, and some-
what amended in her Apparel, I present her
to You for your Letters of Credence, which
granted, Trebly binds me,

S I R,

Your most affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Servant,

J. TAYLOR



The ARGUMENT of the Play.

*Fleetwood is fool'd by Lambert to consent
To th' pulling out of the Rump Parliament;
Which done, another Government they frame
In Embrio, that wants Matter for a Name.
In brief "By force Fools supplant crafty Men,
"The Bawble Exits, Enter Knaves again.*

J. T.

Dramatis Personæ.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>L Lambert.
 Fleetwood.
 Wareston. A Scotch Laird, President of the Committee.
 Desbrough.
 Huson.
 Gobbet.
 Duckinfield.
 Lady Lambert. VVife to Lord Lambert.
 Mrs. Cromwell. Oliver's VVidow.
 Lady Fleetwood.
 Prisilla. VVoman to Lady Lambert.
 Trotter. Secretary to Lord Lambert.</p> | <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> <p>}</p> | <p>Competitors for the Protectorship.
 Collonels, and of the same Committee.
 VVoman to Lord Lambert.
 Oliver's VVidow.
 VVoman to Lady Lambert.
 Secretary to Lord Lambert.</p> |
|---|---|--|
1. Trotter.
2. A Frenchman.
4. Prentices.
4. Son'diers.
2. Clerks, and 2. Dorekeepers to the Committee.

PROLOGUE.



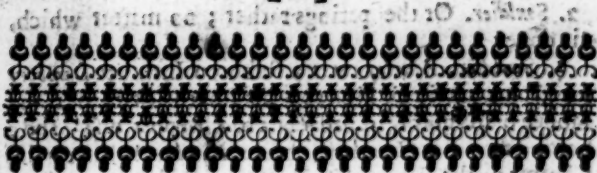
PROLOGUE.

THe Author not distrustful of his Play,
Leaves Custom's Road, and walks another way:
Expect not here Language Three stories high;
Star-tearing Strains fit not a Comedy.
Here's no Elaborate Scenes, for he confesses
He took small pains in Truth, dath need no Dresses.
No Amorous Pining passions, here the Lord
And Lady rather differ then accord.
What can be in't, you say, if none of these?
It is all one, be sure the thing will please
The loyal hearted Party; and what then?
Why, truly he thinks them the wiser men,
But if in's Progress he does chance to hit
Hav'nab on something that may sound like Wit,
Pray take no notice on't, for if you doe,
You'll spoyle the Poet, and the Players too;
They will grow proud upon't, and in the Street
In stead of Cringing, Nod to those they meet,
Yet now I think on't, twill not be amiss,
We'd rather have your Plaudie then your Hiss:
And promise faithfully we will endeavour,
If you do favour this, to please you ever.

PROLOGUE

ACT.

[1]



ACTUS Primus. SCÆNA Prima.

Enter three or four Souldiers severally.

1. *Souldier.* H, Rogues, the business is done.
 2. *Souldier.* In a dish I Warrant you.
 1. *Souldier.* And thrown out oth' Windows,
 The town's Our own, Boys,
 3. *Souldier.* And all the wealth in't.
 1. *Souldier.* And wenches to boot Boys.
 2. *Souldier.* Boot me no Boots, 'tis Bootless, 'till we
 have 'um,
 4. *Souldier.* Those are Commodities, I confess, I fain
 would truck for.
 1. *Souldier.* Thou shalt have them by the belly, Lad.
 4. *Souldier.* Rate Recruits after a long march!
 1. *Souldier.* Gramercy *Bertlam*.
 2. *Souldier.* Heroick *Bertlam*.
 3. *Souldier.* The Man of Men and Might.
 1. *Souldier.* We were oppos'd and even at Push a Pike
 for't, though a wet Morning, 'twould have been dry Service
 had We gon to't.
 2. *Souldier.* Dry blows would ne're have done't, some
 must have wet blood, for't but 'tis prevented.
 1. *Souldier.* The Nail of providence was in't.

B

2. *Soul-*

2. *Souldier.* Or the parings rather ; no matter which, tis done.

1. *Souldier.* *Morley* was a stubborn Lad, yet *Lambert* fitted him, and in his kind too, his Rhetorick silenc'd the Mouth of his pistol, it had sent a bad Report else, and a home one : But *Lambert*, brave *Lambert* ! that carries Charms on the Tip of his Tongue, acted the part both of a Souldier and a Courtier, an Enemy, and a Friend, Exposing his Breast to danger, under the Canopy of Security ; And all this for Us, you knaves, He told um a fair Tale, but meanes to trust them no further then he can sing um.

2. *Souldier.* That 's some out of Commission,

4. *Souldier.* Or into prison, or both.

1. *Soul.* We may (Lads) in time grow up to something.

2. *Souldier.* Ill Weeds grow apace, Brother, and thou art one of them, and in time mayst reach the Gallows.

1. *Souldier.* Speak for your selfe, Brother, I need not your Oratory ; well, *Lambert* has Wit at Will, *Fleetwood*'s an Asseto him.

2. *Souldier.* A meer Milk-sop.

3. *Souldier.* A Whey-brain'd fellow.

2. *Souldier.* And of Courage as cold as a Cucumber.

4. *Souldier.* A Fool in Folio.

1. *Souldier.* Ambitions Puppit.

2. *Souldier.* A general in the Hangings, and no better.

3. *Souldier.* What think you of *Vane* ?

1. *Souldier.* As of a Vain fellow.

3. *Souldier.* And what of *Hasterigge* ?

1. *Souldier.* A Hangman for *Hasterigge*, I cry.

2 } *Souldier.* One and all, One and all.

1. *Souldier.* ~~—~~ *Lambert* for my mony, Boys, he is Our General, Our Protector, Our King, Our Emperor, Our *Cesar*, Our *Keasar* Our ~~—~~ Even what he pleaseth himself.

2. *Souldier.* If he pleaseth himself, he shall please me.

1. *Soul,*

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1. *Souldier*. He is our rising Sun, and Wee'l adore him:

3. *Souldier*. For the Speaker's Glory's set,

1. *Souldier*. At nought Boy; how the Slave looked when his Coach was stop'd?

4. *Souldier*. Like a Dog out-law'd, the Pallat of his Breech fell down with fear.

1. *Souldier*. He told Us he was our General.

2. *Souldier*. Of what? Bills, Bonds, and Obligations; or Green-sleeves and Pudding-pies?

1. *Souldier*. And we told him he was an old doting fool, and bad him get him home, and take a Cawdle of Calves Eggs to Comfort his Learned Coxcomb; for he loo'kd but faintly on't.

3. *Souldier*. And what said he?

2. *Souldier*. Said he! I prethee what could he say that We would admit for a reasonable answer? We were better princip'd than so, Reason and our Business were two things, what We did, (We did) that was Our Will, and the word of Command lodg'd in Our hilts. Alas poor Worm, Cobbet and *Duckingfield* shew'd him Cockpit Law, and O're-ru'd his Rolls, he understood not the Souldiers Dialect, the searching Language of the Sword puzz'd his Intellect, the Keeness whereof would have prov'd too sharp for his Wit, had he been Obstinate, or persisted in the Interpretation; and therefore very mannerly he kist his hand and wheel'd about.

2. *Souldier*. To the place from whence he came,

3. *Souldier*. And ere fong to the place of Execution.

1. *Souldier*. No, hang him, he will have his Clergy.

2. *Souldier*. Is he such an Infidel to love them?

1. *Souldier*. Yes, as We do Barbers, that is, while they are Trimming Us; hee'd fain go *A la mode* to Heaven.

2. *Souldier*. If his foot slip not, but if it do, his finery is spoil'd, he will be so footsif'd.

1. *Souldier*. He that deals with Pitch must expect no better, Black will to black, quoth the Diver to the Collier. But, dost thou think there is a Heaven or Hell?

2. *Souldier*. Why dost thou ask me that question? I am a Souldier, and so art thou, let's ne're trouble our heads about it, a short life, and a merry life I cry, happy Man be his Dole.

3. *Souldier*. And so say I, while We are here, We are here; when We are gone, We are gone, for better or for worse, for rich or for poor; amongst the good or the bad, We shall find room I warrant thee Lad, and our General can expect no more.

2. *Souldier*. And now you have put us in mind of Our General, I mean *Bertlam*, (not *Woodfleet*) (that Son of a Custard-maker, alwayes quaking) let us as bravely spend his this dayes benevolence, as he Nobly intended it.

3. *Souldier*. A good resolution.

1. *Souldier*. Rather a proposition, Brother, But where, how, and in what?

2. *Souldier*. Not in Rot-gut Beer, I will assure you, or muddy Ale, Wine for my money.

1. *Soul*. Wine is the life of Action, 'tis Decreed.

2. *Soul*. And I obey.

1. *Soul*. Blood requires blood, then from the purple Grape, I'll suck my fill, spite of you, Jack a Nape: There's Poetry for you, Gentlemen.

2. *Soul*. A pin for your Poetry, March upon't. *Exeunt.*
They go out, and come in again, at the other end of the Stage.

1. *Soul*. Bring us more Wine there, come who sings?

3. *Soul*. He that best can, my Comrade here.

1. *Soul*. Something on the Times, or nothing.

A Song for the Souldiers.

2. *Soul*. Though the Morning was wet,
We are merrily met

In a house more dry then our skin Boys;

Wee'l drink down the day,

Ne're question our pry,

Let them heartily laugh out that win, Boys:

Chor. Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.

Let

II. Let him flatter and lie,
 What is't to thee or I?
 And Ape *Nell* in ev'ry Condition;
 If we thrive upon'ty
 Let all the world want,
 And the City kneel down and petition:
Chor. Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends,
 For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends,
Souldier. Hey Boys, come away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bertlam, and Trotter his Secretary.

Bertlam. Trotter.

Trotter. My Lord?

Bertlam. Has *Lockwhite* been here yet?

Trotter. Not yet, my Lord, Sir——

Bertlam. What wouldst thou have?

Trotter. Nothing, my Lord, not I.

Bertlam. Thou hast not thy name for nothing, I see thy Tongue will keep pace with thy wit, and still be Trotting, I prethee leave off thy Impertinences, I have told thee enough on't.

Trotter. Why my Lord, and it shall please you.

Bertlam. I tell thee it does not please me, 'tis my fear thou'lt be my shame, I sent thee into *France* to learn some breeding, and thou render'st me the poorest and the pitifullest Accompt that ever Porter gave on a sleight Errant. Dost thou keep Company?

Trotter. Yes, my Lord.

Bertlam. What are they, of what sort?

Trotter. Of the better, Sir.

Bertlam. 'Tis strange! thy knowledge being so bad. Are they Men of Intelligence?

Trotter. I think so, my Lord.

Bertlam. You think so! sad, I profess 'tis very sad;
 were

were it my Case, as it is yours, (and it behoves you, as you assume the Title of a Secretary,) I'de draw Mens Squals out by Inspecculation, and in the Inquest of their Faculties cull out such matter as would yield advantage to him I had relation to; and without this, thou neither dost deserve the place thou hast, nor art thou fit for Company.

Trotter. My Lord, I have done my Endeavour.

Lambert. A weak one, let *Thurloe* be your President.

Trotter. When your Lordship is translated to your Highness, and that you have Command of the Publick Purse, I shall be as ready to waste it, as he or the proudest of um. But I am but a fool to explain my self.

Lambert. That time is drawing neer.

Tr. In the mean time I have not been idle, I have done something.

Lambert. What hast thou done that may deserve Recording?

Trotter. Why, I have Endeavour'd to find how the Common Cry of the Town goes, as to this dayes business.

Lambert. That's something indeed, and how do the People relish it?

Trotter. Relish it! why truly Sir, it is thought,

Lambert. Thou wilt return to thy Vomir.

Trotter. Why truly Sir, it is thought, and if I may speak my thoughts freely, the Rump was but a stinking Rump, and sented so ill in the Nostrils of the People, that they fear'd a sudden Plague attended the Concaviry, and with much Joy blest the Rue and Wormword you brought to their Conservation,

Lambert. Dost thou know what thou sayest?

Trotter. I could say more, Sir.

Lambert. To as little purpose---begon, I would be private---yet if *Whitelock* come, admit him.

Trotter. Nay, my Lord. I warrant here will be the whole fry presently.

Lambert. Thou a Secretary! and talk so like a fisherman? What fry, you fool?

Trotter.

He turns about in wrath with his dagger Dagger at his Breast.

Trotter, Fleetwood and the rest, Sir.

Lambert. My minde is not at rest while thou art here.

Begon: —

Exit Trotter.

I wonder *Whitelock* comes not? he's a Man

Has run all hazards, with as good success,

Except Old *Nell*, as any Man I know;

He was his Creature, and he now is mine,

And hitherto he has perform'd his part

In my Revenge upon that family,

So home even to their doors, that my disgrace

Lies buried in their Infamy — How now —

Enter Whitelock.

Trotter. My Lord, He's come,

Lambert. 'Tis well — Leave us.

My Lord, how goes Causes?

Whitelock. They cannot goe amiss, Sir,

Whilst you are Advocate.

Lambert. The sword thou meanest,

That must decide all Controversies.

Whitelock. It will do much, Sir, but Policy puts the best Edge to't.

Lambert. And that you have: Come my Lord, be free,
Where shall We set up Our Rest?

We have had Tossing times.

Whitelock. Indeed, my Lord, Time hath been tost in a
Blanquet; but I hope now We shall use Time better
then so.

Lambert. As how?

Whitelock. You may Trim him, Sir,
You have him by the foretop.

Lambert. If I thought so, I'de hold him fast.

Whitelock. Now, or never; If you let slip your hold you
are undone, as *Caesar* *Nell*.

Lambert. But the Remedy to that is *Fleetwood*.

Whitelock. Alas? you know him, Sir.

Lambert. True, he's but of a softly Nature.

Whitelock. A fine Commendation for a General, that
should be rough as Warre it selfe; But he ha's a soft
place

place in his head too, and that's worse, how ever he's a fit subject for our purpose, and therefore, Sir, let's use him as *Cataline* did *Lentulus* drill him along with hope that all tends to his onely advancement, fools are soon perswaded; And believe me (my Lord) that was the very Engine made him consent to th' blowing up of his brother, a Gentleman in some sence better qualified,

Bertlam. I, but a small Nutshell. I am confident may with ease contain both their Courages, yet I know *Woodstock* will fleet (he dare not grin) after Honour, and is as greedy on't, as a Cat is of a dish of Milk.

Lockwhite. 'Twill be ill bestow'd, Sir, if it light on him.

Bertlam. What a Dish of Milk.

Lockwhite. You misinterpret me, Honour I meant Sir, If you make him groom of your Close-stool; 'Twill draw more from your goodness than his Merit, And keep his wife in smocks too, during pleasure, That will be (Sir) your highness pleasure.

Bertlam. It is not come to that yet.

Lockwhite. *Oliver* had it, his time is past, and your time's coming on, Princes have power o'er the persons of both Sexes.

Bertlam. Name him no more, I hate his memory.

Lockwhite. I confess, I do not much care for't, yet I hate nothing brought or brings me profit. I lov'd the Father of the Heroicks, while he had a pow'r to do me good, that failing, my reason did direct me, to that Party then prevailing, the fagg end of the parliament. What though I took the Oath of Allegiance as *Oliver*, your Lordship, and others did, (without the which I could not have sat there?) yet it Conducing not to our advantage, It was an ill Oath, better broke then kept, and so are all Oaths in the stricter sence, Laws of Nature and of Nations do dispence with matters of Divinity in such a case; for, no Man willingly would be an Enemy to himselfe, the very beasts doe by instinct of Nature seek for self-preservation, why not Man, who is the Lord of Reason?

Oaths

Oaths, what are they, but Bubbles, that break with their own Emptiness?

Lambert. You say very right, my Lord, I'm of that judgment too, and shall persist in't.

Whitelock. Yet the Pulpiteers belch forth Fire and Brimstone 'gainst it: But my Lord how could I have serv'd my Countrey, by setting the *Dane* and *Sweed* by the Ears, while the Thread for a Protectorian interest was spinning here? how could I have carried on, or rather promoted the Design for *Jamaica*, (though it went in *Oliver's* name?) how could I have lopt off those ill branches to the Common Wealth, the Cavaliers and *Essex* his discontented Reformadoes? how could I have shew'd my selfe loyal to your Interest, by fooling *Fleetwood* in the disseat'ing of *Dick*; by his dissolving the honest Parliamt as they call'd it, and bringing in the Odious *Rump*? how could I in my Speech at the Councel of State, have rak'd up *Oliver's* ashes, by bespattering him and his family, and told *Irton*, how Providence had brought things about, and that the hand of the Lord was in't, when I meant nothing lesse? how could I (under favour) have advised you to this dayes Enterprize, if I should have startled, or scrupl'd at Oaths, preferred honesty or Divinity before temporal interest or humane reason? I desire (my Lord), in this case, you will be my judge.

Lambert. Nay, my Lord, you are your own judge in this Case, but in my Opinion you have done your selfe but Justice.

Whitelock. And he that will not do Justice to himselfe, will never do it to another.

Lambert. You advise well.

Whitelock. My Lord, take it from me. He that will live in this world, must be endowed with these three rare Qualities; DISSIMULATION, EQUIVOCATION, and MENTAL RESERVATION.

C

Enter

Enter Walker.

Lambert. How now, the news with you.

Trotter. The Lord Fleetwood, Sir.

Lambert. What of him?

Trotter. My Lord, he is come, Sir.

Lambert. Prethee ——— Thy wife and his may walk together, admit him ——— I knew I should be troubled with him.

Exit Walker.

Whitelock. I doubt not but you have prepar'd your self for the Encounter.

Enter Fleetwood.

Lambert. I am pretty well Antidoted against the Poyson, He's here ——— My Lord, your most submissive Servant.

Whitelock. My Lord, I cannot Complement, but I am in heart your Creature, that is, at your disposal.

Fleetwood. Seriously, I profess, I cannot reach your meaning, Gentlemen.

Lambert. You are not skill'd then in the Mathematicks, Sir.

Fleetwood. Indeed, I profess, I believe so Gentlemen, I hope things are now in the Lords handling, and will go on well, and become the doings of Christians.

Whitelock. The Government has been all this while in the horrid hands of Infidels, Jews, Pagans and Turks — I must make them up a Medley. [Aside to Lambert.]

Fleetwood. Yea, Abomination hath been in the hands of Iniquity.

Lambert. But, my Lord, those hands are now cut off, and all our Ambition is, that your Lordship would take the Government into the white hands of your goodness.

Fleetwood. Who I, Gentlemen — Seriously ——— I profess ——— Indeed ——— And by yea and nay law ——— You shame me ——— So you doe! I can say no more, alas! I!

Whitelock. Yea ——— Why, my Lord, if you knew your self as well as I doe, you would say more.

Fleetwood. Truly, I think, I have been something in my time.

Lambert.

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Lam. Something! You have been more then something.
Whitelock, That's stark nought, (my Lord) but it shall
 passe. *Aside.*

Within, where's my Lord Lambert; where's my Lord Lambert.

Enter Walker.

Lambert. What's the meaning of this?

Trotter. The Lord *Wareston*, the Lord *Huson*, Colonel
Cobbet, Colonel *Duckinfield*, and others, desire your favour-
 able and Curteous Admittance, Sir.

Lambert. By all means, let them Enter: but my Lord
 be sparing of your Speech, for these are Catching fellows,
 and will interpret strangely; Our aim is onely to advance
 your Interest.

Fleetwood. You know my Lord, I can keep my Tongue
 within my Teeth, sometimes.

Whitelock. 'Tis a high point of wiidome in you, Sir.

Fleetwood. Odd so the are here, I cry Mum—

Enter Wareston, Desborough, Huson, Cobbet, Duckinfield.

Whitelock. The less you speak, the better 'twill be, Sir.

Lambert. My Lord *Wareston*.

Wareston. Many Benifons lise on you for this days work
 my good Lord.

Desborough. How do you do my Lord, *Fleetwood*? how
 do you my Lord *Lambert*? how do you my Lord *Whitelock*?
 and how do you all? Hah.

Fleetwood. The better for your asking, Sir.

Desborough. Say you so, then. I'll ask again, and how?
 and how?

Huson. And what? and what?

Cobbet. Your Language cannot be Translated, Brother.

Huson. Let them take me by the meaning then.

Wareston. By th' Members, hawd there my Loord, 'tis sore,
 and saw play, Sirs.

Duckinfield. My Lords, I have not been backward in this dayes business, nor any here I think.

Lambert. 'Tis confest (Sir) what would you infer farther upon't?

Duckinfield. And therefore require we should know how things will go.

Whitelock. As they may Sir, soft fire makes sweet Malt, you know that Colonel.

Desbrough. And that I know very well too, and you have said very well, as much as a Man can say, and no more.

Huson. And that's enough.

Duckinfield. But we are in a Chaos, a Confusion.

Huson. A meer Chaos, a Confusion.

Cobbet. And the People expect suddenly something from Us.

Whitelock. Why Gentlemen, Rome was not built in a day.

Wareston. Mickle Wisdome geod feath in that, Sirs, there's Mickle Wisdome in that Ie sure yee.

Lambert. At three a Clock we'l meet at Wallingford-house and discuss the business further, what say you my Lord?

Fleetwood. I profess I say so too, at three a Clock bee't Gentlemen, what say you?

Duckinfield. Wee'l waite upon you my Lords—
Huson, Cobbet. Your Servants.

Exeunt Duckinfield, Huson, Cobbet.

Desbr. I protest I am glad of this with all my heart, for I have business in Smithfield where my Horse stands, now it comes in my mind, on my Conscience the Roguish Ostler has not given him Oates to day, and the knaves Hay is Musty too; well, my Man is such an other Ass, farewell Gentlemen, I'll see you anon. If I come not soon enough, pray keep me a place in the Councel, or let my Vote stand for one, no matter how. *Exit.*

Wareston. An geod rason too my Loord, he's a braw Man skis my Leords yee kenn him weele enough.

Whitelock,

Whitelock. And you too, Sir.

Lambert. Come my Lord *Warestone*, We presume you are a knowing Man, to what kind of Government stand you affected?

Wareton. E'ne tal what ye please Sir.

Whitelock. What think you of a Single person? here's my Lord *Fleetwood*.

Wareton. Marry an he's a braw Mon. Sir. but are ye in good earnest Sirs.

Lambert. What else, my Lord.

Wareton. Bred a God Ise for him than.

Whitelock. You see, my Lord, how Heaven does raises you friends.

Fleetwood. Seriously I profess my Lord you know, 'tis none of my seeking. *Aside*

Whitelock. Nor is like to be of your enjoying —
My Lord, a word with you, what if my Lord *Lambert* were the Man?

Wareton. Right Sir — *Qu' a in on word ya ha spoken aw.*
Sir, he's a Mon, indeed Mon, gif *Wareton* ha any braines Sir.

Whitelock. You will live I see Sir — My Lord he's your friend now.

Lambert. No matter whose, he's a required Property, and must be used by some body — And why so Melancholly, My Lord?

Fleetwood. I profess not I, I was thinking 'twas Dinner time.

Lambert. Will your Lordship please to take part of our small Cheer?

Fleetwood. No indeed my Lord I thank you, not I, my wife I profess staves for me, adue Gentlemen all —

Exit Fleetwood.

Omnes. Your Servants my Lord.

Lambert. Nor you my Lord *Wareton*?

Wareton. No in good feath, Sir pardon me, Ise invited by a gay Mon Sirs, tol plasters of bra Capons Sirs and aw the

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the soles in the Eyre, Sirs, I am marry Sirs, tol one a my none
Countray man is, good feath now.

Lambert. If you please to stay my Lord, y^e are welcme.

Wareston. Gods Benizon and mine lise on you, Sir, good
feath, y^e are like a braⁿ Mon, smould Brest Mon's hart to part
fro you; I see o^r y^e humble Servant my good Lord.

Lambert. You'l stay then.

Wareston, I marry Sir, with y^e none sell toll deth Sir, gif
yea please Sir.

Fleewood, I knew, a small hair would have drawn him
to your Table, without this adoe.

Lambert. My Lord, Whitelock lead the way.

Wareston. After you is goodmanners Sir — Speaking to
the L. Lockwhite.

Whitelock, That's more then you know — My Lord,
I am your Servant.

Lambert. I'll break off the Complement then.

A Treatement (sometimes) proves a Tray to Men.
Exeunt.

ACT the II. SCENE the I.

Enter the Lady Lambert, and Prissilla her Woman.

Lady Lambert. Priss, Priss.

Prissilla. Madam.

Lady Lambert. Why, how now Priss? where hast thou
lest thy breeding, in thy other Pocket? Art thou not
read in Times and Seasons?

Prissilla. I never was such a fool to put trust in Alma-
nack-makers yet, Madam,

Lady

Lady Lambert. What a Wench art thou? and why *Madam*, prethee? there's a word indeed, as Common as the Cries about the Town.

Prissilla. Your Ladyship hath us'd me to'r.

Lady Lambert. I'll break that Custome, 'tis a rude one; hast thou no wit Wench? canst thou pick out no better Tittle for me.

Prissilla. Insooth I cannot reach it yet, *Madam*.

Lady Lambert. Reach a fools head of thy own, sure thou art Mad, Wench.

Prissilla. The Secretary Indeed sayes I am a Mad Wench, but I thank my Stars I can make a fool of Twenty such as he is, *Madam*.

Lady Lambert. Agen, can flesh and blood endure this, I must new Mold thy Manners, *Madam*! there's a Gammer's Title, out upon't.

Prissilla. Seriously I know not by what other Names or Titles to distinguish you, *Madam*.

Lady Lambert. I profess thou art dull, abominable dull, dost thou not know upon what Score my dear, and second-self is gone to *Wallingford-House*?

Prissilla. How should I *Madam*, I cannot Divine?

Lady Lambert. Lord help thy head, why, he is gon to be made a made a Man Wench.

Prissilla. Was he not so before, if not, your Ladyship hath had but an ill time on't.

Lady Lambert. The Prince of Men, you Bagage; thou art such a Dull one.

Prissilla. I cannot help it, *Madam*, while I remain in, Ignorance.

Lady Lambert. I see I must open thy Eyes by way of Explanation; Then know that from henceforth I will be called *her Highness*.

Prissilla. Nay, now you tell me what you would be call'd, I shall Obey your *Highness*.

Lady Lambert. It will do well, and 'twill be but your Duty, prethee tell me, how dost think I shall Behave my self in 't?

She strives it.

Prissilla. Highly well, you cannot chuse, you begin so soon, if it shall please *your Highness*.

Lady Lambert. I thing I am better shap'd for't *She surveys* then *Joan*, or what do you call her *Cromwell*. *herself*.

Priss. Abundantly for at her best She was but a bundle of F—*Madam*—Lord, I am so forgetfull, *Highness* I should have said.

Lady Lambert. That's the word, Con it, *Priss repeats* and be perfect in't, or I profess you and I to her selfe, shall part—*Highness, High-*

What's the Newes with you ?

Am I sent for to *Wallingford-House*?

Highness, High-
ness, Highness, En-
ter Trotter.

Trotter. No, *Madam*.

Lady Lambert. What a beetle-headed-fellow's this.

Prissilla. *Highness*, you Changling; you *Prissilla* pulls him must call her *Highness*. by the Skirt.

Trotter. No, and it shall please your *Highness*.

Lady Lambert. It pleases me very well, *She bruts it, and* What's your business. *surveys her self.*

Trotter. Gammer *Cromwell* would speak a word or two with your *Highness*.

Lady Lambert. Bid the poor Woman waite without, I'll do her what good I can for her poor Childrens sake.

Prissilla. Or rather for *Husbands* sake, if it shall please *your Highness*; good turns ought not to be forgotten.

Lady Lambert. Thou say'st true. One good turn requires another, he was, I confess, a Man every Inch of him.

Prissilla. I, and though he was out with my Lord many times, he would be in with you, as the saying is, and please *your Highness*.

Lady Lambert. Well, I care not if I go to her.

Prissilla. Your *Highness* will decline much your State then.

Lady Lambert. Say'st thou so *Priss*, *Trotter* admit her.

I'll hear what the sad Creature can say for her self.

Exit Trotter.

Enter

Enter Trotter, and Mistress Cromwell the Elder.

Mrs. Cromwell. I thought I should have staid at the door till midnight; Marry come up Mrs. Minks. Is there such a doe to speak with you? No marvail indeed.

Lady Lambert. Prethee woman what would'st have?

Ms. Cromwel. Thy Husband by the throat had I him here, and I could find in my heart in the mean time, to claw thy Eyes out, and make thee wear black patches for something, thou proud imperious Slut thou.

Lady Lambert. The Woman sure is lately come from Billingsgate: Priss, ask how Oysters goe there.

Priss. She's very quick of hearing, and't please your Highness.

Cromwell. Highness in the Divels Name, it is not come to that sure yet, is it? hah! Thy Husband may be hang'd first like a Crafty knave as he is; Did my Husband make him a Lord for this? to Ruine our Family? Or as the Word is indeed, Trapan'um? Curses on the time thy Husband was born, he fool'd my Son in Law to betray the Innocent Babe my poor Child Richard, that Our Fames are now brought to the Slaughter houses, and the very Names of the Cromwells will become far more Odious then ever Needham could make the Heroicks; Wo worth the time.

Lady Lambert. Priss, I pittie he Creature, ne're trust me, alas it Weeps.

Mrs. Cromwell. Thou ly'st Baggage; I scorn thy pittie, my Spirit is above it — Let me come at her — As Old as I am I can spoile that fine face, my dear, deceased Lord, did so much dote on; let me come at her, Hands off I'll do't thou Jezebell.

Priss holds her.

Lady Lambert. She begins to rave, send her to Bedlam among her Consorts.

Trotter. I promise you, you shall have clean straw Mrs. Cromwell.

D

Mrs

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Out Rogue, Rascal, Vagabon, a fellow rais'd from the horse heels, do'st thou upbraid me too ? He be the death of thee, if thou com'st near me. Oh *Dick, Dick*, had'st thou had but thy Fathers Spirit, thy Mother ne're had come unto this Shame. *She falls back into a chair.*

Lady *Lambert*. *Priss*, a Cordial presently, Odds to she faints.

Priss. I run, and't please your Highness-- I have it here.

Lady *Lambert*. Prethee give it her, I would not for a hundred pound She should die here, we should be put to th' Charge of burying her.

Prissilla. 'Tis a Precious Cordial-Water of my own making, *Madam*, I hope there's no offence in that.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. I need it not, proud Woman, I Divine This Scorn will be Reveng'd on thee and thine. *Exit.*

Lady *Lambert*. Farewell Nought, Th'art better lost then sought.

Prissilla. She has a Notable Spirit of her own.

Lady *Lambert*. 'Twill get her nothing, She beats against the Wind,

Prissilla. She's Wind fall'n, and't please your Highness.

Lady *Lambert*. 'Tis an ill wind (they say) bloughs no body good, Let her rave, and rail, my dearest second-self will fare the better for't.

Prissilla. The fox fares best, when he is curst.

Trotter. *Priss*, *Priss*, a word or two.

Sweet *Priss*.

Prissilla. Why how now Sawce? *As they are going off, the Secretary pulls*

Plain *Priss* ? Am not I her Highness *Priss* by the Sleeve, Maid of honour ?

Trotter. I know thou art a Maid of Honour, but the meaning of this, dear *Priss* ?

Prissilla. The meaning of what, thou Novice ?

Trotter.

Trotter. That *Madam* is so suddenly turn'd to *Hizbush*?
Is my Lord made Protector?

Priss. No, you Duncce, well, thou art the simplest *Trotter*! what must I finde thee brains and Understanding, know then and grow wise upon't, She will be Protector's whether he be Protector or not: If he has any Honour it must come from her, for ought I see; She is before hand with him, and hath Install'd her self already, I'm sure my Voyce was Herald to't, thou pitious thing, question the Pride and pleasure of a Woman? I will have thee Scribe to know the time will come I shall have Honour too; and be Courted by the better sort.

Trotter. Have I been wanting in that Duty, *Priss*?

Prissilla. Wanting, why thou art alwayes wanting, never provided, still behinde hand, never before hand to a Woman; this I profess, and to thy shame be it spoken: And therefore walk upon't, I have no more to say to thee.

Trotter. But I have something to say to thee, oh Ungrateful *Priss*!

Prissilla. Ungrateful? and why Ungrateful, pray?

Trotter. Hast thou forgot the small token I sent thee?

Prissilla. It was a small one indeed if it came from thee.

Trotter. The tweezers out of *France*.

Prissilla. Did Travail Hither, but were as dull as he that sent them, they would not cut a feather. Is that your precious Present? If thou hast no better, Walk alone for *Priss*, She's not for thy Company.

Trotter. Nay, Dear *Priss*, shall We be Married.

Prissilla. What are you so hot, Sir? there's a jest indeed, Marry, before your Prentilship is out?

Trotter. What dost thou mean Wench? prethee kiss me.

Prissilla. I'll see better Clothes on your back first.

Trotter. Why, are not these good?

Prissilla. Enough, had not a fool the Wearing of 'um.

Trotter. Thou may'st say any thing *Priss*, I may have better.

Prissilla. When that time comes, and thy Wit is

more refin'd, I may say something to thee.

Trotter. Oh my Dear *Priss*, in the mean time, let me but kiss thy hand.

Prissilla. That you may, but hear me, be not proud on't. Nor take this as a punctual promise from me, I love my selfe better then so.

Trotter. Yet I may live in hope.

Prissilla. If it were not for hope, the heart would break, they say: But odds so, I forget my Duty to her *Highness*.

Trotter. And so do I, thou hast Transported me.

Prissilla. Not to *Jamica* yet.

Exeunt.

Enter *Mrs. Cromwell*, and the *Lady Fleetwood*.

Lady Fleetwood. Good Lady Mother, be patient.

Mrs. Cromwell. Good Lady Fool, hold your prating; Was ever Mother so unhappy, or Children so senselessly ungratious?

Lady Fleetwood. I beseech you think not so, things will make for the best.

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh fond Girl, what hope canst thou create unto thy self, can save us now from sinking? We must perish, undoubtedly We must; though *Lambert* carry a smooth Tongue to thy Husband, it speaks not the Language of his heart, for that is rugged. It will deceive him as it did thy Brother, and the late Idolized Parliament which he set up, out of a Malice to thy Fathers Memory, to make it Odious, because he pull'd the *Babell* down, yet now he has usurp'd that Priviledge himself; let his pretence be what it will, it bears no other Weight but that of his Ambition, to which thy Husband is a Property.

Enter *Fleetwood*.

Fleetwood. Mother I profess I'm glad to see you here, ne're trust me law, how do you forsooth,

Mrs.

Mrs. Cromwell. The worse for thee, I wish I ne're had known the time Occasion'd thee to call me Mother.

Fleetwood. Why forsooth Mother, if it please your Highness?

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh monstrous, not to be endur'd! I have been tame too long, the fool hath found a way to up-braid my misery, She had a husband dear *Ireton*, my best of Sons, had Wit, and by his Council stilted up Our Honours, which thou pull'st down as fast by thy simplicity.

Fleetwood. I profess, ne're trust me, I speak Ingeniously ne're fur now, I am no such Baby neither, as you take me to be, Mother.

Mrs. Cromwell. A meer Stalking horse to *Lambert's* Pride; his Wife, that Minion, doth assume that title, I once, and my Son *Richard's* wife Enjoyed; She will be called her Highness with a horse pox; while I am call'd Old *Joan*, Old *Best*, Old *Bedlam*, Old Witch, Old Hagg, the Commonwealth's Night Mare; 'tis well if any have the modesty to call me Gammer, or old *Mrs. Cromwell*, and leave out many other horrid Nick-Names, this Infamy and more thou hast brought on Us.

She weeps.

Lady Fleetwood. Good Mother, do not Weep.

Mrs. Cromwell. Would I were dead; Nothing Torments me more, then that thy Father, who whilst he liv'd, was call'd the most Serene, the most Illustrious and most Puissant Prince; (whilst that the fawning Poets Panegyricks smell'd with Ambitious Epithetes) is now call'd th' fire-brand of Hell, Monster of Mankind, Regicide, Homicide, Murderer of Piety, a Rump of flesh sok'd in a Sea of blood, Traitor to God and goodness, an Advancer of Fiends and Darkness; such as these and worse, could I but think on 'um are daily cast into my Ears, by every idle fellow.

Fleetwood. I pray take their Names, I profess Mother, I'll Order them, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell. Thou Order 'um alas! they value not so poor a thing as thou art, had *Dick* continued, he had kept

keep Our Fame up fair in the World, none durst have blemish it. They tell me, that the time is coming, I must make a Stall my Court, and learn to thrive by Footing Stockings; and if that won't do it, I must be (what I ne'r was) a Woman of Carriage, either for Tubs of Ale, as Suing best with my Original Condition, or else for Oysters; I was made for Burthens, and am too Old, and Ugly to cry Oringes: If these Trades fail me, then I must turn Bawd, they think me tough enough to endure that Tempest, and tell me there's a place call'd *Sadum*, will receive me and my Retinue; I know it not; but thus I am made a Publick scorn by all Men? And in that, there's nothine, nor any other that claim relation to Us are exempted; And all this by thy foolery.

Fleetwood, I profess Mother, I will be even with 'um, I know what I know, and there's an end, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell, I would there were an end to Our disgraces, which I do prophesie is but beginning. What will become of that fair Monument thy careful father did Erect unto thy memory, before. (least none should do't after) thy death, next to thy Husband *Iretons*; nay, even of his, thy fathers too, and all that living bore a love to him and Us; The raging Malice of proud *Lambert* is so irresistible, 'twill destroy all.

Fleetwood, I profess Mother, my Lord *Lambert*, is a very honest Gentleman, and he loves me well, I profess now to you; well, I know what I know, few words are best, I am and must be the Man when all is done, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell, 'Tis very likely, when all is done, thou'lt be the Man will prove their Scorn and laughing-stock.

Fleetw. I profess now Mother, in sober sadness, I scorn the words, so I do. — You know what I told you, Sweet heart, as I am here.

Lady Fleetwood, Very well, and do believe't, though you forsooth are so doubtful,

Mrs. Cromwell, Doubtful; of what? of that I never heard.

Fleetwood,

Fleetwood. No more words, but Mum, I say, I charge you Sweet-heart.

Enter a *Messenger* from the Committee of Safety.

Messenger. My Lord, the Council waits your coming.

Fleetwood. Why law ye now, as I am here, you thought I warrant, I should not be sent for neither; I profess forsooth Mother you are very hard of belief—Tell the Lords I'm coming

Messenger. I shall, my Lord, most honoured Lady your most humble Servant. Your humble Servant *Madam.*

Exit.

* *Mrs. Cromwell.* I have seen this fellows face before, methinks he does remain something oth' duty he paid me formerly.

Lady Fleetwood. Be busa patient Mother, I'll warrant things will go according to your wish.

Fleetwood. I, if you'll have some patience, if not, I profess Mother, I cannot tell how to help it, for I must to Coach, that's the truth on't. Sweet-heart, pray make much of my Mother.

Exit Fleetwood.

Lady Fleetwood. Will you please to walk in, forsooth.

Mrs. Cromwell. My heart was very heavy when I came hither, 'tis somewhat now at ease, by the disburthening of my Oppressing Grievs.

Lady Fleetwood. I hope forsooth, you'll have no cause to Create more of them.

Exeunt.

Enter *Lady Lambert*, and *Prissilla*.

Lady Lambert. Hast thou Summoned those inferior things?

Priss. What the Ladies of the last Edition?

Lady Lambert. Those whose husbands have been Srygmaticiz'd by *Noll* and *Dick*, with the Title of Barons.

Priss

Priss. I gave Order to *Trotter* to Trot about it, an't shall please your Highness.

Enter *Trotter*.

Trotter. The Ladies are coming forth.

Lady Lambert. They were not bound to their good behaviour, but— 'Tis well they understand their Duties; set Us Our Chair of State, and then admit 'um.

Enter *Ladies*.

Lady Lambert. Gentlewomen, for Ladies We cannot call you, your Obedience to our Commands is well re-sented, if you persevere int you will Oblige Our favour :
Priss. proceed.

Priss. By what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Titles of *Madams* I pray.

Ladies. From Our Husbands.

Priss. What are they ? of what standing ?

1. *Lady* Of no long standing, We confess.

Priss. That's a common complaint, and a general grievance.

Lady Lambert. And shall be taken into consideration for a thing we know : *Priss*, prick that down in your Note book : Who made your Husbands Knights ?

Ladies. *Oliver* the first.

Lady Lambert. Of horrid memory put that in your Note book *Priss*.

Ladie. And *Richard*.

Priss. Of Sottish memory, shall I put that down too ? 'tis remarkable ?

Lady Lambert. By all means, put it down in the Margent as a hand directing to the rest.

Priss. Of the foolish Families, 'tis done an't please your Highness.

Lady Lambert. What Coates of Armes do your Husbands bear ?

1. *Lady*.

1. Lady. Who? mine, Madam.

Lady Lambert. I, thine, Woman.

Prissilla. You a Lady, and shew so little manners! Forget her Highness!

Lady Lambert. I pass by their Dirty breeding. Woman, We say, what Coat of Arms does thy Husband give?

1 Lady. He bears *Argent upon a Bend Gules, three Cuckolds Heads Assy'd Or.*

Prissilla. Three Cuckolds Heads! Why one is sufficient in all conscience.

1. Lady. 'Tis a Paternal Coat belonging to the Family of the *Wittals*.

Prissilla. It may be they were Founders of *Cuckolds-haven*.

Lady Lambert. No more of Cuckolds, *Priss*. 'tis opprobrious, and intrencheth much upon the Honor of our Sex: Put that down in your Note-book as a publick Grievance, and it concerns Us to look after and the Committee of Safety to Remedy.

2. La. 'Tis a material and punctual point to a Woman.

Lady Lambert. And what does thy Husband give, prithee?

2 Lady. He bears *Three Gantlets Dexter, Or.*

Prissilla. Or again: Your Highness may perceive they have had Golden times on'r.

Lady Lambert. *Dexter Or*: Well, we know he has been an *Ambo-Dexter* all his life-time, and he shall now give another Coat; *A body without a Head in a Field Sable*— And what's thine, prithee?

3. Lady. Ours is but *Parte per pale*.

Lady Lambert. *Parte per pale*: What's that?

Priss. A Motely Coat of two colours.

Lady Lambert. 'Tis a wonder with what Impudence those Fellows *Noll* and *Diek* could Knightise your Husbands! For 'tis a Rule in *Heraldry*, that none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight himself: 'Tis *Zanca Panca's* Case in *Donquixott*.

E

1 Lady.

1 *Budy*. If none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight, how shall our Husband receive honor from your Husband, who is no Knight himself?

Lady Lambert. Let me alone to Dub him.

Pris. You have done that already, and 't please your Highness.

1 *Lady*. If Dubbing our Husband will carry it, we can do that our selves.

Lady Lambert. But Ours is of greater Honor and Antiquity, and therefore ought to take place. Receive that as a Maxime from Us, dispute no further.

Ladies. We shall not.

Lady Lambert. Since, being enfranchis'd through your grace and favour you are become Members of Our Commonwealth, Declare your Grievances, and we'll hear you, whether publick or private.

1 *Lady*. Begin with the private first, Sweet Mrs. *Pris*.

Prisilla. This Lady complains her Husband prays too much, and it takes him off his other business.

Lady Lambert. There can be no Charity in that. Man is remiss in his Benevolence. Receive that as another Maxime. — *Pris*. You mind Us nor.

Pris. I'm pricking of it down and 't please your Highness.

Lady Lambert. But, it may be he prays when 's Zeal's on fire* (as Bells ring) backwards.

1 *Lady*. And then he rails against the Whore of *Babylon*, and the people think he calls me whore.

Lady Lambert. That's gross, and shews small breeding. We'll have it rectify'd, it concerns Us.

2 *Lady*. And my husband says I talk in my sleep, and call on Men to come to bed to me, and discover his infirmities.

Lady Lambert. Oh I have a care of that.

3 *Lady*. Have a care of what? Were he capable of more care of me, I should have less care of my self.

Prisilla. I commend the Ladies resolution.

Lady Lambert. And what sayest thou?

3 *Lady*.

3 *Lady*. Why truly I cannot say much, My husband is a Man of reason, and is willing I should satisfy my sense; he knows the failings of Women, and imputes it to the frailty of our Sex.

Lady Lambert. He's an honest Man, I warrant him.

Prissilla. Such a Husband for my Money.

1 *Lady*. As you are a Lover of Women, let the act of the 24. of *June* against Fornication be repeal'd; me thinks it frights, as there were a Furnace in't.

Lady Lambert. As there were Conveniencies in that Act, which ty'd up Mens tongues from babbling, so there were destructive Inconveniencies in't; for familiarity was not so frequently used between Man and Woman as formerly when you must know Sociery is the life of Republicks;—*Martin* the first, and *Peters* the second—Indeed things were rather done in fear then freedom.

1 *Lady*. In a Free State who is not Free?

2 *Ld*. I beseech you in the next place, that the Cavaliers may not be lookt upon as Monsters, for they are Men.

1 *Lady*. And that it may be imputed no Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honest.

3 *Lady*. And then that will stand to their Tackling.

Lady Lambert. Well, we'll have these amended: What have you more to say?

1 *Lady*. Now, Mrs. *Priss*, to the Publick, I pray.

Prissilla. Whereas several abuses have lately crept in amongst us.

Lady Lambert. That's a small abuse; Love must creep till it can go.

Priss. Her highness hath the Feeling sence of it, and gropes out the meaning already, you see.

1 *Lady*. We could not go to *Ride-park*, nor *Spring-garden* so much as with our own Husbands.

Lady Lambert. Why, What had you to do to go with them? Could you find no better Company?

1 *Lady*. Good men were scarce; and then to avoyd suspicion.

E

Prissilla.

Pris. In my foolish opinion that rather begat it; what walk with your own Husband? How contrary to-Conscience and high breeding is that?

Lady Lambert. When things are settl'd, wee'l have an act that no Lady or Gentlewoman shall be put to that Slavery, but shall have liberty to walk or—talk, with whom they please.

2. *Lady.* Now may a Multitude of mens blessings light on you.

Lady Lambert, Pris. proceed.

Pris. Here's a Lady desires a Patent for Painting.

Lady Lambert. 'Tis too great a grant for a Subject, we intend it for our selfe and to that end, have employed several persons as our Agents in forraign parts, to find out the readiest and securest way for making it, that it may not eat into the Cheeks, beget Wrinkles, impare the Eye-sight, or rot the Teeth.

3. *Lady.* I have found the woful experience of that.

Lady Lambert. We have Intelligence of a Water that will in two hours time take the wither'd skin off the face, and a new one suddenly shall supply the place. That no Lady or Gentlewoman, though she have out-worn Sixty, shall appear above five and twenty years of Age.

Pris. That makes your highness look so smooth upon't

Lady Lambert. There's no Invention for sleeking, glazing, or anpointing, but we have notice of, and for Powders and Perfumes, we may be sented a street off.

Ladies. Oh sweet Woman!

Lady Lambert. Then for Attyring, and to find out the Mazes of Fashions, there's no Lady but must follow Us,

Ladies. You are at a great charge sure.

Lady Lambert. We are so, but 'tis Princely.--[*Re-enter.*]

1. *Lady.* We hope your Highness will remember the foregoing premises.

Lady Lambert, Pris. be it your care to mind Us, We must to *Wallingford House* and have um confirm'd,

And in the mean time, let our Musick play,

To Celebrate the Glory of this Day,

Exeunt.

ACT

Act the III. Scene the I.

Enter one of the Dorekeepers, he trims up the Table, lays the Paper and Standish's in their places; then Enter 2 Clerks to the Commistee.

1 Clerk, The Lords are coming.

Dorekeeper: Are you sure on't.

Clerk, They are upon us already.

Dorekeep. That they are not, He assure you Gentlemen, However I will attend my charge. Keep back there, keep back there, I say, keep back there: make room for the Lords there. God bleis your Honours.

Enter. Lambers, Fleetwood, Whitlock, and Wareston.

Enter. Duckinfield and Cobbet, they pass a Complement to the rest, Cobbet takes Wareston by the hand, Duckinfield and they walk together whispering, Lambers Fleetwood and Whitlock do the like, after a turn or two Lambers speaks.

Lambers. It must be done (my Lord) we have nothing else to take him off.

Whitlock. Scars, we! know generally are greedy of gain; and since we have made him President, and sensible of our Secrets, 'tis requisite we do something to stop his Mouth.

Lam. For he's a gaping fellow, it must be done, my Lord.
Fleetwood. Say you so, I profess, seriously, if I thought good would ensue on't, with all my heart.

Cobbet. My Lord believe us, all We can serve you in, you may Command.

(Cobbet to Wareston)

Duckinfield. And you shall find it so when occasion serves, and the Government's new molded.

Wareston Marry Sirs, and I'll sa mold it, was neer so molded sen the Dam bound the head on't.

Cobbet. I know there are some Ambitious spirits, would have it settled in a single person, but we are quite against it.

Wareston. The saw Deel sphe his pipe will be fort than, for Archibald Johnson.

Ducking. But my Lord Lambers is a stirring Man, you see.

Wareston. Lambers, let Lambers gang to Bedlam in the Deels nam, what he lio da with him, I'll your humble Servant.
Enter

Enter Desbrough and Huson.

Desb. How do you, how do you, and how do you my Lords and Gentlemen all, how do you?

Huson. And how do you, how do you?

Wareston. Ah my good Lords, ken ye me, Sirs?

Lambert. We shall make up our number anon: Will you please to assume the Chair, my Lord.

Wareston. Marry, and I'll be your humble Servant, my good Lord Lambert.

Desb. Come come, What Government must we have? what Government must we have?

Huson. I'll tell you, What Government? Let's know quickly: Come, you talk of *Conservators*, *Conservators* 'tis a hard word, hang's; but there's more in't I'm sure of that.

Duckinfield. *Conservators*, my Lord? *Conservators*?

Huson. *Conservators* let it be then; When shall we have um, when shall we have um?

Lambert. My Lord, We'll think on that hereafter.

Huson. Hereafter comes not yet then, it seems.

Desb. But while the grass grows the horse may starve.

Cobden. However, Gramercy Horse, though't has no tail to't.

Wareston. Goodfaith Sirs, and I'll tell you a blithe tale of a Scottish Puddin, will gar ye an'tell laugh, Sirs.

Lambert. That Puddin will have no end to't good my Lord.

Desb. I have to hear of a Puddin so it be a bag-puddin.

Huson. So do I, if it be a good one.

Wareston. Bred a good, a good a puddin as ere was cut up Sirs.

Fleetwood. I proteis my hair stands an end.

Duckinfield. No more Swearing, my Lord, 'tis not seasonable in this place.

Wareston. Mark ye me than, Sirs, mind ye me now or nere: There was a poor woman, Sirs, beg'd oth Carlo the Speaker Sirs, an hood geit her noughte Whilke gar'd her to let a crack, Sirs, I marry was the Woman, who now I see my Rump has a Speaker too, I'll lick ye my Tayle now, Sirs.

Omnes

Owner. Ha, ha, ha!

Lambert. My Lord, I know you have many of 'em, but pray let's mind our business.

Deer. Bunnels, Why there's the thing. I think every man ought to mind his business. I should go and bespeak a pair of Mittins and Sheers for my Sheerer, a pair of Cards for my Thrasher, a Scythe for my Mower, hob-nay! Shoes for my Carter, a Skreen for my Lady Wife, and I know not what. My head is so full of business, I cannot stay. Gentlemen.

Whitlock. Fy, fy, Gentlemen, will you neglect the business of this Day; We meet to gratify our Friends.

Deer. Nay, then do what you will, so I may rise time enough to see my House on fire.

Whitlock. As that it? *Clerk* read what we past the other Day; I mean the heads of 'em; what Pipers and Petitions remain in your hands referring to this Days business.

Cobb. Forbid we should be backward in rewarding such have done Service to the Common-wealth.

Whitlock. There's Money enough, Gentlemen.

Duckinfield. If we know where to find it. However, *Clerk*, read, To *Maker Walton* Draper 6929l. 6. 3. 5 d. for Blacks for his highness.

Lambert. For a Mistress? Put it down for *Oliver Cromwell's* Burial. We'll have no record rise up in judgment against us for such a Willing.

Whitlock. But first let's consider whether that were good Service, or no.

Lambert. However, we'll give him a Paper for't: Let him get his money when he can. Paper is not so Dear, Gentlemen, and the Clerks pains will be rewarded.

Wareston. Good Consideration my Good Lord; bred Sir, that Cromwell was the veriest Lumper Loone that ere came into our Country, the fain Deel trust me him his Lugs by his time for robbing so rich a Country; bred Sir, I.

Fleetwood. I profess my Lord *Wareston* you are to blame, I promise you, you are; Why do you swear so;

Wareston.

Wareston. Good feath I gi you thanks for your chastisement,
Isa for ye Sir, an profess ta, an lee gif you ha mee.

Cobb. That may bring you profit indeed. Clerk, proceed.

Clerk. To *Walter Frost* Treasurer of the Contingencies,
5000 l. To *Mr. Edward Backwell* 4600 l. To *Mr. Hutchinson*
Treasurer of the Navy, 200000 l.

Wareston. Ounds there's a sum I marry it came from a
Canon sure.

Clerk. To *Mr. Backwell* more 326 l. 16 s. 7 d. To *Mr.*
Ics 4000 l. To *Mr. Thurloe* late Secretary to his

Whillock. To *Oliver Cromwell* say, leave out Highness:
You were order'd so before, where ere you find it.

Clerk. Secretary to *O. Cromwell*, 2999 l. 5 s. 7 d. for In-
telligence, and Trappanning the Kings liege people.

Wareston. Marry Sirs, an ye gif so fast, yeel gi an away
fro poore Archibald Johnson.

Whillock. Oyl the wheel (my Lord) your Engine will
go the better: Move for him first. [Aside]

Lambert. Be it your business, Ile do as much for you.

Whillock. Content. Gentlemen, since we have set this
Day apart from other business, purposely to gratifie our
most concerned Friends, let us consider the Worth of the
Lord *Wareston*, a person of eminent fidelity and trust.

Wareston. Good feath, and I ha been a trusty Trojan, Sirs.

Fleetw. We know it very well Sir, I profess, my Lord.

Duckinfi. And 'tis but reason you should be rewarded.

Desbr. Ide scorn to let a Dog go unrewarded.

Huson. And so would I, he tawns so prettily.

Cobbet. My Lord, you are Witty, I hope we shall have
no more on't. *Huson*. And performs his graces to a

Scottish Pipe so handsomely.

Duckinfield. You may content your self with that (my
Lord) he is our Friend.

Wareston. Good feath Sirs, an sa I am; wha denyes it?

Huson. Nay, my Lord, we are not Foes; I am for you.

Desbr. And so am I, as I live.

Wareston. Good feath weel sed ye ken well enough Isa sure,
Isa a man can serve ye an, Sirs: Sin ye are so kind Sirs, Scribe
read my Paper to.

Whillock.

Whitlock. You have a Petition then?

Wareston. Good feath I had been a very foolish fellow.

Lambert. Give us the substance of it.

Clerk. That your Honours would be pleas'd in consideration of his faithful Service, and the constant charge he is at, both at home and abroad.

Hazen. That's his whorls.

Clerk. To grant him some certain considerable sum of money for his present supply.

Duckinsfield. Order him Two thousand pound.

Lambert. Seriously, let it be Three thousand, Gentlemen. You must understand he is much in debt.

Wareston. Gods benizon light on your sam, my good Lord Lambert.

Hazen. Three thousand pound! Why, half such a sum will buy all Scotland.

Wareston. Bred Sir, ye looks best blindly out than.

Lambert. Gramercy, my Lord.

Cobler. Well Brother, the time was a mite of it would have bought all the Shoes in your Shop. I will not say your Seal for your Honour sake, though now you do abound in Irish Lands.

Wareston. I am my good friend Sir, good feath y' are gone his him home.

Clerk. gang a tny his farder.

Clerk. That your Honors would be pleased to Confer some Annual Pension upon him.

Lambert. Gentlemen I think that but reason he has been faithfull, and I hold him a good Common-wealths Man, and the rather because *Hazleriggs* hath so bespatter'd him: since you have consented to his present supply, let him not suffer for want of assistance one.

Wareston. What think you of 400 l.

Clerk. 'Tis not small, Say are you willing to?

Lambert. Yes, you please my Lord.

Wareston. Bred, that's a question indeed, Ours Sir.

Lambert. Then Gentlemen, since my Lord *Whitlock's* Modesty is such he cannot speak for himself, give me leave to become an humble Suitor in his behalf.

Lambert. That you will be pleased to make him Constable of *Windsor Castle*, Warden of the Forrests, &c. Lieutenant of the Castle and Forrests, with the Rents, Perquisites, and profits thereof. Gentlemen, I need not instance his faithfulness to us and our Desigments hitherto : No man here (I presume) but hath been, and is satisfied in himselfe of his reality ; And therefore I am confident you cannot confer a place of so great honour or trust upon a person more deserving : But I submit to your Wisdom.

Omnes. 'Tis granted.

Wareton. Dred my good Lord, what can ye ask that we shall doe you ?

Lambert. I have heard some say, that Honour without Maintenance is like a blew Coat without a Badge.

Desir. Or a Fudding without Sugar.

Lambert. You have made him Keeper of the great Seal ; 'tis honor, I confess, but no salary attends upon't ; and bribes you know are not now so frequent as they were in *Noll's* time : Besides, my Lord is a person of that honor.

Huson. Well my Lord, let us be brief and tedious, let us humour one another ; I love my Lord *Whitlock* well.

Lambert. I move for a Salary, Gentlemen ; *Scabel* and other petty Clerks have had 500 l. a year apiece granted to them : I hope he merits more.

Huson. Let him have a thousand pound a year then ; you shall not want my voyce, my Lord.

Whitlock. 'Tis a liberal sum, my Lord.

Fleewood. I profess sobriety withall my heart.

Lambert. Does that please your Lordship ?

Whitlock. Your faithfull Servant, my Lord, but if I may be so bold to know from whence I shall receive it.

Cobbet. Out of the Customes, the best place, I think.

Wareton. Now pay my Lord, Dred a Good, If ye uphold you now, gang your wayes ; an Scribe, let us mind more good workes, we shall offer them, an my son, Sirs.

Lambert. Clerk, proceed where you left off.

Clerk.

Clerk. John Bresley 3000 l. upon account, Backwell for 9600. *Mrs. Jany Aubrey* for 2500 l.

Wareston. Bread bolts for same, where the Devil fall they buy this filler, Sirs.

Whalock. Were trouble your self for that, my Lord.

Lambert. These things must be granted, we know the persons, they are our friends.

Fleetwood. I profess, indeed Brotherly love ought to go along with us all; but when all is gone, when shall we have more?

Lambert. Pough, my Lord, the City's big with riches, and near her time I hope to be Deliver'd.

Huson. He be the Midwife, or what you will call me, He undertake to do my office as well as Dr. Chamberlyn can do his.

Dr. Brough. V Well said Brocher, what's the matter there?

Lambert. He wait on you immediately, Gentlemen.

Huson. Is the Lord Lambert gone?

Fleetwood. I profess, I know not.

Lambert. Why how now Sweet-heart, What make you here?

Lady Lambert. Nay, what make you here then?

Lambert. This is not a place for VWomen.

Lady Lambert. How so, pray, while thou art here I have as much right to the place as thou hast, if I am John Lambert's Lady and for ought I know my advice may do as well here as thine, for all you perk it so.

Lambert. Good Sweet-heart, return to thy Coach.

Lady Lambert. Good Sweet-heart, tell me, am I her Highness or not her Highness, or what do you intend to make of me?

Lambert. Thou miskest thy self seem to be Mad, Woman.

Lady Lambert. Do Ho, Sir, He be madder yetchen, He is the Board, and know what they intend to do with me.

F 2

She strives, Lambert holds her.

Lambert.

Lambert. Thou wilt not fare.

Lady Lambert. But I will, and hear what they will say to me; I will be put off no longer.

Lambert. Be not so loud.

Lady Lambert. He be Louder Sir, and they shall hear me; If I am not her Highness, they shall not sit there.

Lambert. Thou shalt be as high as can be, if thou wilt be patient.

Lady Lambert. Patient, I, thou knowst too well I am a patient fool; pray, when will the time come I shall be styl'd Her Highness; for that I will be.

Lambert. He tell thee that anon; prethee Sweet-heart take thy Coach.

Lady Lambert. I, thou think'st with thy fine Words to Work me to any thing, but if you Defer the time too long, you'll find the contrary.—Call my Man there.—D'y e hear me? pray make haste home. *Ex.*

Lambert. Well, Well.

Huson. My Lord, We thought you had been gone.

Lambert. No, my Lord, I am not so unkind to leave you in the heat and midst of business.

Whitlock. Nay, I think the heat of our business is over for this Day. *Clerk.* See, have you any more Papers?

Clerk. Not any.

Huson. Let us rise then, I think we have fare a pretty time by't.

Desbr. And my *Colon* begins to cry out *beans and bacon.*

Fleetwood. I profess my Lord, it is not I think fit to put you in mind, I hope I need not, I profess—*[they rise]*

Lambert. Oh, to move concerning a Single person.

Whitlock. By all means, for his Lordship.

Lambert. Seriously, my Lords, I hold it would have been unseasonable, but at the next Sitting it will fall in course my Lord, and then my Lord.—

Whitlock. We are your Creatures.

Fleetwood. Say you so, I profess let it be so then.

Desbr. Come let us go, I'm mad to be gon; What should we stay here for? *Water.*

Wareston. Marry, and yee speake right, Sir. Scribe, See
aw these Orders be ready for my bonds anew. Morne; meere
especially my none and my good Loods here, that they may gang
to the Patient Scribe, here ye mee.

Clerks. They shall, my Lord.

1 Clerk. Come Sirrah, here be thriving Times, some,
men rise with their Breech upwards.

2 Clerk. And 'tis very probable may be lasht for:
How they divide the Kingdoms Treasure?

1 Clerk. I commend them, they make use of their time,
make Hay whilest the Sun shines. I wonder my Lord Des-
brough mist that Proverb at the Table.

2 Clerk. Was ever such Language heard at a Councell-
Table before? they are all made up of Proverbs and Old-
sayings, *Exceptis Tamen semper, Lambert and sybilock.*

2 Clerk. Oh! these are two precious Divels; but for
a sawning and colloquing Devil give me the Scotch Devil.

2 Clerk. No more of this the Dorekeeper has Ears.

1 Clerk. I would his Ears were off, they are not worth
the Sense of Hearing: But come let's put up our triac-
kets, a pox on't, I did not think they would have sate so
long.

2 Clerk. Thou hast some Baggage or other to go to,
He be hang'd else.

1 Clerk. Thou mayst be hang'd in time; however weel
goe.

Dore-keeper. Well, go your wayes, you are a precious
Couple.

[A noyse within, crying Tom, Will, Harry, Dick; Have you
a mind to be Murdered in your beds;

Enter a Corporal and Souldiers after him in a confused
manner, as from their severall Lodgings.

1 Souldier. What's the matter Corporal?

Corporal. The City's up in Arms.

1 Souldier.

1 *Souldier*. I am glad on't,

2 *Souldier*. And so am I, there's plunder enough, I am mad to be at it.

Corporal. The Committee sat all this night about it; 'tis said they are up every where.

1 *Souldier*. I warrant that Dog in a Doublet *Hastig* is the Ring-leader.

Corporal. 'Tis likely, the news came but within this houre, and the Danger that lurks in't hath call'd the Committee together, to morrow the Prentices intend to petition the Lord Maior for a *free Parliament*.

1 *Souldier*. Let em', 'tis good fishing in troubled waters.

2 *Souldier*. Must the *RAMP* come in again?

Corporal. I know not, good Lads make haste, the Captain stays for us.

1 *Souldier*. Pox on't, let's ne'r stand buttoning our selves, Wee'l leave our Doublets behind us.

Corporal. No, by no means.

3 *Souldier*. And is't come to that, then hey for *Lumbar d Green*, there's a shop that I have markt out for mine already.

2 *Souldier*. You must not think to have it all your self, Brother.

1 *Souldier*. He that Wins gold, let him Wear gold, I cry.

Corporal. Well, we shall have enough, 'tis a rich City, never came better news to the Souldiery.

1 *Souldier*. Wee'l Cancel the Prentices Indentures, and bind them to us in furer bonds.

2 *Souldier*. And they shall ne'r be made free by my consent till they have paid for their Learning.

1 *Souldier*. Me thinks I see the Town on fire, and hear the Shrieks and Cryes of Women and Children already, the Rogues running to quench the fire, and we following the slaughter. Here lies one without an Arm, and he cannot hold up a Hand against us, another without a Leg, and he

he shan't run for't ; another without a Nose, hee'l be're
 smell us out ; another without a Head, and his plotting's
 spoyl'd : Here lies a rich Courtmudgeon burnt to Ashes ;
 who rather then he would survive his Treasure, perissheth
 with his Chests, and leaves his better Angels to wait on
 Us, you knaves.

1 *Souldier*. Oh brave *Tom* !

Corporal. I know you have all Mettle enough, but our
 Captain stays.

1 *Souldier*. Not a Minute longer—hey for *Lambard-
 street*, hey for *Lambard-street* !

Omnes. Hey for *Lambard-street*, hey for *Lambard-street* !
Exeunt.

ACT the IV. SCENE the I.

Enter a company of Prentices with clubs.

1 *Prentice*. Come boyes, come, as long as this Club
 lasts fear nothing, it shall beat out *Husons* cother Eye, I
 scorn to take him on the blind side, I'm more a man
 then so.

2 *Prentice*. Thou a Man, a meer Pigmy !

1 *Prentice*. Children are poor Worms, I would have
 you to know that I am the Cities Champion.

2 *Prentice*. Thou the Cities Champion !

1 *Prentice*. Yes, and will spend life and limbe for
Magna Charta and a Free Parliament.

Omnes. So we will all, so we will all.

1 *Prentice*. Why then you are my Boys, and true Sons
 to the City ; Cry up a Free Parliament.

Omnes. A Free Parliament, A Free Parliament !

1 *Prentice*. Boys this was done, like Men ; but do you
 hear the News ? My Intelligence is good.

Omnes.

2 *Prentice*. What is't Champion, What is't?

1 *Prentice*. There's a Proclamation come from the Committee of no Safety.

Omnos. For what? Champion?

1 *Prentice*. To hang us all up if we Depart not to our Homes: How like you that, Gallants; how like you that?

2 *Prentice*. This hanging is such a thing, I do not like it; well, Ile go home.

1 *Prentice*. Why now you shew what a Man you are; I was a Pigmy as you said but ere while, but now I say and will maintain it, Thou hast not so much spirit or spleen in thee as a Wasp.

Omnos. Oh brave Champion!

2 *Prentice*. Will you like Cowards forsake your Petition and have no Answer to't? Rather let us Dye One and All.

Omnos. One and All, One and All.

1 *Prentice*. Why this is bravely said, now Ile tell you what you shall do; when the Sheriff begins to read the Proclamation, every man inlarge his voyce, and cry, No proclamation, No proclamation,

Omnos. Agreed agreed; No proclamation, No proclamation. *Exeunt.*

Wavering their Clubs over their heads.

Enter Hufon and his Mirmydons with their Swords drawn.

Hufon. Was ever such a sort of Rogues seen in a City; Come follow me Ile so order um.

Souldier. Oh brave Collonel! *Exeunt.*

Enter Prentices at the other end of the Stage, crying, Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler, and by pursuing them.

Hufon. Shoot, Shoot; I charge you kill the Rogues, leave not one of them alive. *Enter*

Enter Prentices again, crying, Whoop Cobler.

1 *Prentice*. Cain has kill'd his Brother; Coll, *Cordwayner* he has spun a fine Thread to day.

2 *Prentice*. It may bring him to his End.

1 *Prentice*. St. Hugh's Bones must go to th' wrack and there let him take his Last, *Whoop Cobler.*

Omnes. Whoop Cobler. Whoop Cobler. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hufon again pursuing the Prentices; they continuing their cry, Whoop Cobler; Turneps Tops are thrown at him as from House tops; Boys run in.

Hufon. From whence come these? Search that House, and every House: I now there's not a Street free from these Rogues. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Prentices severally.

2 *Prentice*. Where hast thou been, Champion?

1 *Prentice*. Where none but a Champion durst be.

2 *Prentice*. Where's that? where's that?

1 *Prentice*. Stand here, and admire; You are beholding to me, I have past the Pikes to meet you, and swart for't: I tell you I have been at Guildhall, and what I have done there, let Histories record. He not be my own Trumper.

Omnes. What didst thou do there?

1 *Pr.* Do you see this small Engine? 'Tis a good Shew one & has been trusty to his Master: I say no more. *a Pistol.*

Omnes. Nay, good Champion; What, what?

2 *Prentice*. How Dull you are! With this (I say heartily charg'd and ram'd, under my Apron colfely hid, *Latit anguis in herba*, (There's Latin for you, Rogues) I got into the Yard.

Omnes. What then, What then?

1 *Prentice*. By good fortune I spy'd a very fine fellow, for'n Officer no doubt, he did Ran Dan so.

Omnes.

Omnes. But prethee be plain and short.

1 Promise. No it was home, the sting of my Serpent hath either kill'd him or lam'd him downright, I warrant he troubles us no more this Day. *Heark the Drum is Rognes are Marching; let them go and be heard within, hang'd they shall not abide here. I have given them an earnest penny already, and if they come again, Ile double it. Well Boys, when they are past Weel go and Drank the Kings health: Say Boys.*

Omnes. *Viva le roy, Viva le roy.*

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Lambert and Lord Whitlock.

Lambert. My Lord, you will still endear me.

Whitlock. A Duty so oblig'd cannot be paid too often, my prayers go with you, my most honoured Lord.

Lambert. If I return, my Lord, Command my heart; In the mean time, let not your friendship cool.

Whitlock. My body shall be Ice first.

Enter Secretary and Lord Wareston.

Lambert. My Lord Wareston, this is a high peice of Kindness indeed.

Wareston. Marry, ife some toll his your none hand, Sir, ere yet gang anent the limmer looms.

Enter Trotter and the Lady Lambert.

Lambert. Your Servant, my Lord. Trotter, are you ready?

Trotter. Yes, my Lord.

Lambert. Direct the Lord Wareston to the Blew Chamber; where Ile attend your Lordship.

Wareston. Your very humble Servant, my Lord.

Exit Trotter and Wareston.

Lambert. I know She's clogg'd with passion, and 'tis not for a Scot should understand it.

Whitlock,

Whitlock. You have done wisely in that, my Lord.

Lady Lambert. Have I stay'd long enough, may you be spoken with yet?

Lambert. Why not, sweet heart?

Lady Lambert. Am I a Wife, or no Wife?

Lambert. My only Joy and comfort. — Why dost Weep? There's not a Tear but wounds me. Prithee leave, I'm sure thou'st no occasion for't.

Ls. Lambert. Did Nell do so by his Wife *Bess*, that Puss? He had some care of *her*, and made her what her heart could wish; but I have nought but empty promises.

Lambert. Will you believe me or This Gentleman?

Lady Lambert. He's a Lawyer, and may lie.

Lambert. He's my Friend.

Lady Lambert. 'Twas a by-Complement, I confess, but I believe he knows more than you do. Pray, Sir, Say, shall I be what I will be, as he says?

Whitlock. The power is now in his own hands, and Doubtless my Lords so wise he will not part with't.

Lady Lambert. Say you so! Then prithee kiss me, *John*, no'te stir, I shall so love thee.

Lambert. But we forget the Lord *Warston*.

Whitlock. He's got a *Scottish* *Edgin's* mouth by this time.

Lady Lambert. Hang him, 'tis such a Boorish Ramm-ring fellow, I can't endure him.

Lambert. *Buche's* a property, if I return Victorious, I must make use of; Therefore, prithee Sweet, be moderately sparing in thy language; let it not soar too high, lest it prevent my Towering thoughts of their fruition, and clip those Wings should hover thee to Greatness.

Lady Lambert. He not tie my tongue up for no mans pleasure living? I think I am a Free Woman, no Bond-Slave, Sir.

Whitlock. But under favour, Madam, when you Weigh the advancement —

Lady Lambert. I Weigh it not so much, nor shall I Fee you for your Counsel, Sir.

G. Lambert.

Lambert. He's a Good Man, Sweet-heart.

La. Lambert. Let him be dead so good, He have my will.

Lambert. I prethee do.

Whitlock. I trust I have not angered you, Madam.

Dady Lambert. Again Madam I let his goodness be what it will, I'm sure, he hath had but ill Breeding.

Enter Trotter.

Trotter. My Lord Warston is going, Sir.

Lambert. Odds so, indeed, we have been too uncivil, come Sweet-heart, my Lord, will you please to walk in.

Enter two or three Souldiers.

1 Souldier. How now Gentlemen? you are upon the merry March, I hear.

2 Souldier. I, a pox on't, We shall have little cause, I fear, to call it a merry one.

1 Souldier. Well, I thank my Stars, Our Regiment stays here at the well head, you Rogues, where there is plenty of all things.

2 Souldier. What says Pluck? The Worser knave, the better luck.

3 Souldier. But do you hear me, Sirrah? for all that, your Colonel may be hang'd for killing his Brother Cobler.

1 Souldier. I hear no harm, I'm not to answer for him: But prethee tell me, D'ye think there will be bloody Notes?

2 Souldier. Those that have a mind to't, let'em give, or take'em, hang him that fights a stroke, for my part.

3 Souldier. Or else either, Our Company swear they'll all be hang'd first.

1 Souldier. The general is like to be well hop'd up with such Souldiers.

2 Souldier. Why, what would you have us to do? If the Generalls cannot agree, let'em fight it out themselves, and the Devil part 'em I cry.

3 Souldier.

3 *Souldier*. If they will fight, we'll make a ring for 'em.

1 *Souldier*. They say that General *Philagabius* is a gallant Scout Man, an Excellent Souldier, and a Marvellous honest Man.

2 *Souldier*. Then we have the less reason to fight against him.

3 *Souldier*. Nor will we fight against him.

1 *Souldier*. But Brothers let me advise you to have a Care what you say, lest you make your Words good, and be hang'd in earnest, there are Rogues abroad.

2 *Souldier*. I, too many, I thank you Brother for your Advice.

3 *Souldier*. Alack we talk away our time, let's go, let's go.

1 *Souldier*. Nay, sure Brother Souldiers, we will not part with dry Lips.

2 *Souldier*. What you intend to do, do quickly.

1 *Souldier*. Come away then.

Enter *Trotter* and *Prissilla*.

Trotter. Now *Priss*, what think you now?

Prissilla. Why, truly *Secretary*, I think thou wilt be a brave Fellow when my Lord returns.

Trotter. You will let me kiss you now, I hope.

Prissilla. No indeed *Secretary*, I will not make you so bold yet; If you return safe and sound, and in good plight; that is, my Lord's brows circled with laurel, and people smell you out to be a Secretary of State, 'tis very probable you may have admittance to my Lip, and something else in a lawful way. [Calls within] *Trotter*, *Trotter*.

Trotter. These words have comforted my heart, I'm overjoy'd, trust me now; Odds to my Lords upon taking Horse; ah! ah! Dear *Priss*.

Prissilla. Sigh not Man thou shalt have it; come take Livery and Seisin, and adieu.

Trotter. Oh, So sweet as the Honey-combe! [Kisses her.]

Prissilla.

Prissilla. Have a care you do not suspect within.

Trotter. I must begon Dear *Priss*, once more, Calls within

Prissilla. Why law you now, give you an Inch *Trotter*
d you will take an Ell; I shall be troubled with

Trotter. No truly *Priss*. [Calls within]

Prissilla. Why you are bald indeed.

Trotter. Oh Heart!

Oh Fate! Why should such Lovers part? *Exit Trotter*

Prissilla. Well, go thy wayes for a Modest Affe, thou might have had something else, hadst thou pleas'd me to, but the Fool will make a fine Musband; when he comes to taste the fruit, he'll so love shee *Trotter*. 'Tis a sweet thing for a Woman of Knowledge to meet with a Man of Ignorance, and better to keep him in't. My Secretary I see never read. *Arrats*, if he had he would have been furnish'd with more Audacity. Lead, how Honor Creeps upon me! I shall be laugh'd there's no Doubt on't. How my Ears will be fill'd with Madams! And, Will your Ladyship be pleas'd? What will your Honor have to Breakfast? How do you, Madam, I am come to give you a Visit, Madam. Will you go to *Hide-Park* to-day, Madam? How does your good Lord, Madam? Did you Sleep well to-night, Madam? Is your Dog recover'd of his Fit, Madam? Your faithful Servant, Madam. Have you any Service to Command me, Madam? Thier Highness despises him as proud as she; and me thinks it sounds very well. Madam, Why, 'tis a word of State.

Enter Scullion-Boy.

Scullion. Mrs. *Priss*, Mr. *Tiss*, You must come away to her Highness presently.

Prissilla. Why now now, Sauce?

Scullion. Sauce! Why, what are you, pray? Will you come away? He tell her.

Priss. He have you boxt anon, Sirrah, for this: *Exeunt*.

Enter

Enter Prentices severally.

2 *Prentice*. Champion, how now Champion? What news, Champion?

1 *Prentice*. Nay, what news do you say, then?

3 *Prentice*. Lambert is gone.

2 *Prentice*. The Devil and John a Camber go with him. Well, I hope General *Philagathus* will to pay his Jaquer!

2 *Prentice*. He will be forc'd to turn it.

1 *Prentice*. That he hath done often enough already.

3 *Prentice*. The Rogues were well mounted.

1 *Prentice*. May the Horse founder, and the Foot die in Ditches! My prayers go along 'em.

2 3 *Prentice*. Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice*. Come Gentlemen, If you have any Chink go along with me; Weel drink *Philagathus* Health: how they look at one another!

2 3 *Prentice*. Faith Champion!

1 *Prentice*. Speak no more, your Countenances betray your meanings, I perceive your Masters are not so tender-hearted as mine; He's honest, lives in hope, allows me the merry Sice a day to spend till better Times come.

2 3 *Prentices*. Thou art happy, Champion.

2 *Prentice*. You shall participate of that happiness! It were pity such proper Fellows as we are should part without Drinking a Health to Noble *Philagathus* his Successor.

1 *Prentice*. Well, Champion, weel make you amends.

1 *Prentice*. Let the mends make it self; Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Fleetwood, Mrs. Cromwell, and Lady Fleetwood.

Fleetwood. How say you forsooth Mother? as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwel. I say thy folly will undo us all.

Fleetwood.

Fleetwood, I profess Mother, as I'm here you alwayes
harp upon one string : Ne're stir, As I'm here, and like the
Cuckoo, have but one Note, Ne're stir now.

Mrs. Cromswell, What dost make of me; a Hooting-
stock ?

Fleetwood, No, I profess not I. I know my Duty, as I'm
here.

Mrs. Cromswell, Thou wouldst fain seem a Souldier, and
a Courtier, but thou art neither.

Lady Fleetwood, Good Mother be not so bitter, he's an
honest Man.

Mrs. Cromswell, Hang honesty, 'tis meer foolery; thy
Father had more Wit then to be thought one of that nee-
dy Crue; could ever Man have given the power out of his
own hand, as he hath done, and to his Enemy, a Fellow
as fierce as *Aqua fortis*, and will eat into the very marrow
of our Families.

Fleetwood, I profess Mother, you may be mistaken for
all this, he is in some sense, but my servant.

Mrs. Cromswell, And he'll become thy Master to thy
shame, why didst not go thy self ?

Fleetwood, Why, I profess, Whether you believe it or
not, Mother, I am the greatest Man in the Nation.

Mrs. Cromswell, Untill a greater come; How stupid art
thou ? Gidle, prithee instruct him.

Lady Fleetwood, 'Twould ill become me sure to teach
my Lord, I neer was guilty of that Crime yet, he know's
his own business best.

Fleetwood, I profess Mother, you are such a strange
Woman, I know not what to say to you; had not General
Philagathus (like a fool) made this disturbance, I know,
what I had been e're this time.

Mrs. Cromswell, Thou hadst been neither better nor worse
then what thou art, The Common-Tavern, and Town
Table-talk.

Fleetwood, Why ? I profess, Mother, you are not so well
spoken of, neither, for all you look so,

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cromwell*, That's long of such an Idiot as thou art.

Ladie *Fleetwood*, Nay Mother, indeed you do not well: He's my Husband, I ought not to suffer this.

Mrs. *Cromwell*, Good Lord! it seems he plays better at Tisatip with thee, than thy Husband *Ireton* did: Thou couldst find tongue enough for him: well there's foul liars if this March-pane fellow did not melt in your mouth in his life time.

Ladie *Fleetwood*, I thank you Mother.

Mrs. *Fleetwood*, What's that, what's that she says, Sweet heart?

Ladie *Fleetwood*, Nothing my Lord, worthy your notice.

Mrs. *Cromwell*, Had not a fool rid thee, thou hadst known thy Dutie better. So much for that, farewell. *Exit.*

Ladie *Fleetwood*, Nay, good Mother. *Fleetwood*, Let her go, Sweet heart, the house will be the quieter, I profess.

Lady *Fleetwood*, She is my mother, my Lord.

Fleet. And I'm your husband, my lady, as I'm here I think so: I profess I know not any body cares for her company.

Lady *Fleetwood*, She does not come to trouble you, Sir.

Fleetwood, Yes, She does I profess, and very much. I was just thinking of State-Affairs, and She has put all out of my head: The Committee have no reason to thank her, to my knowledge. Lady *Fleetwood*, Why, my Lord?

Fleetwood, Why, the Citizens are mad for a Free Parliament, the Counties are all up; and is it not time to look about us, I profess?

Lady *Fleetwood*, Indeed, my Lord, you say right.

Fleetwood, If a Free Parliament sit once, what will become of Us, I profess, we must secure our selves as well as we can: the *Ruiny* (as the Wicked call it) must and shall come in agen, I profess. Lady *Fleetwood*, What will become of your Friend the Lord *Lambert* then?

Fleetwood, I profess, I care not; your Mother takes me for a Fool, but let me alone to deal my Cards, the Speaker and I are reconcil'd: But Sweet-heart, I profess I must be gon; I say no more, *Lambert*, *Warslane*, and *Whitlock* are Knaves, down-right Knaves, I profess they have fool'd me all this while, it will now turn to 'm, I profess, let 'm suffer.

H

Lady

Lady Fleetwood, I understood, my Lord, they were your Friends.

Fleetwood, But I have found 'm out; say no more, will you go in, Sweet heart? I profess I must be gon.

Lady Fleetwood, I obey you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Lambert and Priscilla her waiting Gentlewoman.

Lady Lambert, I wonder *Pris*, that none of the Modern Poets have been here with their Encomiums since thy Lord went!

Priscilla, It may be *Helicon* is Dry'd up, or their Brains are turn'd Addle.

Lady Lambert, Well, I'm resolv'd to make Him that brings me the first Copie *Poet Laureat*, provided he sings Victory in't: I will dispose of Places my self, and be Lord Steward my self, or it shall cost me a fall. *Whitlock* for all his Art shall never carry it.

Priscilla, How? Her Highness become Lord Steward!

Lady Lambert, No matter for that; Profit and Service will come by't: He have the ordering of all places both above and below Stairs, and so give out to the people.

Priscilla, And good reason too, bir Lady.

Lady Lambert, A Counsellor, a foolish fellow, at every end he calls me *Madam*.

Priscilla, Truly, there was one call'd me *Madam* too tother day. Lord, we Women are so frail! I thought my self to be a *Madam* in good Earnest.

Lady Lambert, I *Pris*, thou might'st be call'd so, and be proud on't; but I, I think am somewhat above that. *Smile or*

Priscilla, A Story to please your Highness. *Title.*

Lady Lambert, I will have eight Gentlemen Ushers; that Puls *Bess* had Foure; Two shall bear up my Train.

Priscilla, Rather Four, and it shall please your Highness; For you have a long one no *Peaslee* like you: that Petty-fogger *Thurlo's* Wife had one, and as I'm a Christian, another foolish fellow went bare before her, no Countess could have been better Map'd— Well

Well, it will come to my turn shortly, but that the Wicked *Rump* is fat ; there lies my fear, Oh *Fleetwood*, *Fleetwood* ! thou art stark nought.

Lady Lambert. What sayest thou, *Priss* ?

Prissilla. I was thinking : and it please your Highness, what a Canary-Bird *Fleetwood* was, to settle the *Rump*, the abominable *Rump*, and pretended so much love to my Lord and Master.

Lady Lambert. His love is not Worth the enquiring after, *Wench* ; as for the *Rump*, I smell 'tis stale already, and must be pepper'd when thy Lord returns ; dost think *Wench* it shall have a sitting place then, no I warrant thee, he that jerkt it when he came out of the West, will do the like, when he comes out of the North.

Prissilla. I, and it shall please your Highness, if he return with victory.

Lady Lambert. Ne're fear it *Wench*, I have sent for *Lilly*, and VVonder he stays so long, 'tis such a Dreaming fellow.

Enter a *Servant* and Master *Lilly*.

Servant. Here's Master *Lilly*, an't please your Highness.

Lady Lambert. How now *Lilly*, hast thou don what I Commanded thee ?

Lilly. I have Examined the Zodiack, Searcht the 12 Houses, and by my powerful Art, put the whole regiment of gods and goddesses out of order, *Saturn* and *Jupiter* are by the Ears, and *Venus* will be rampant afflicted by *Mars* the god of Battails.

Priss. This makes for your Highness, I love Mischief with all my heart.

Lady Lambert. How stands my Husbands fortune ?

Lilly. In the Alvathay of *Aries*, or as some others have it *Salhay*, being the head of *Aries*.

Lady Lambert. *Aries*, what is that *Aries* ?

Priss. A monster ; I VVarrant it,

Lilly. 'Tis a Signe, and signifies a Ram.

Lady Lambert. You Rascal, Do you put the Horns upon my Princely Husband.

Prissilla. It may be a new piece of Heraldry.

Lilly. He's subtle, politick, and craftie.

Ladie Lambert. Thou hast pretty well there.

Lilly. Then in the *Allothanie*, or (as some have it) *Alburtio*, being the Tail of *Aries*, I find him eloquent, prodigal in necessitie, proud, inconstant, and deceitful.

Ladie Lambert. Dost thou abuse me, Rascal.

Lilly. No such matter.

Prissilla. Alas! he means innocently, for these are vertues given to most of the Male-kind.

Lilly. He's there denoted to be fortunate in Warfare.

Ladie Lambert. Go on, Fellow.

Lilly. In *Adoldaya*, being the Head of *Taurus*.

Ladie Lambert. *Taurus*, What's that?

Lilly. A Bull.

Ladie Lambert. Darst thou Horn him agen,

Lilly. 'Tis a Signe.

Prissilla. A very ill Signe, the Signe of the Bull: But he does not mean, and it shall please your Highness, the Town-Bull of *Ely*.

Lilly. Has your Lord ere a Mark or Mold upon his Members? If he has, he vanquishes his Enemies.

Ladie Lambert. He has that *Priss*. I'm sure on't.

Prissilla. You are best acquainted with his Secrets.

Lilly. For *Mars* being with the *Moon* in the *Sexile* Aspect, incourages men of War, and in the *Trine* promises Success.

Ladie Lambert. He love that *Trine* while I live for't.

Priss. I wonder where the Fellow got all these hard Words.

Lilly. Lose not an Inch of your State, lest you diminish the lustre of that Planet predominates, [She struts it.]

Ladie Lambert. Why Sirrah, you grow launcie, *Priss*, Let the Foot-boy pay the Fellow for his pains,

Lilly.

Lilly. I hope she does not mean to pay me with Kicks : Is she angry ?

Pris. No no, you have onely put her in mind of her Majesty, she loves you ne're the worse for't. You must flatter her.

Lilly. I have been bred to't. I take my leave of your Highness.

Lady Lambert. But take thy reward with thee : Thou art sure of what thou sayest ?

Lilly. As sure as if I had the Planets in my hand, a man can say no more.

La. Lam. Well, go thy ways, and if thy judgment falter, To second thy gold Chain expect a Halter. [Exit Lilly.]

Pris. What dost thou think now ?

Pris. How can I think amiss ? He's a notable Man : He get him into the Larder one time or other, and He make him show me all.

Lady Lambert. Show thee all, Wench ! Out upon't.

Pris. What, the Lilly and the Rose : I promise you, for ought I see, the Lilly is the best flower in your garden.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's a Letter from my Lord to your Highness.

Prisilla. Hast ne're a one for me from the Secretary ?

Servant. Yes, Mrs. *Pris.* [Exit Servant.]

Prisilla. So, this Fellow is Saucy, I must take him down a butten-hole lower. Good news, no doubt on't; and then we shall have such Bonafiring. He read my Swatter-com Swatter-com's Letter anon. But her Highness begins to look pale upon't ; I do not like this changing Countenance.

Lady Lambert. Thy Lord is Murder'd.

Prisilla. Then my honor goes up the Dunghill : A pox of Lilly and his legion of Devils.

Lady Lambert

Lady Lambert. Murdered in his fame, his honour, the Souldiorie have forsaken him.

Prissilla. If that be all, no matter Madam.

Lady Lambert. Even call me what thou wilt.

Prissilla. I should have call'd you Highness, I confess, but I hope you are not offended; *Lilly* is a meer rogue, He never endure a Lilly hereafter, 'tis a flattering flower, and stincks abominable.

Lady Lambert. He Writes me VVord, hee'l be in Town this Night, he's sent for by the *Rump*.

Prissilla. Oh nasty *Rump*! But an't shall please your Highness, shall I seek out for eight proper Striplings to man your Highness, and four Spring-gots to trick up your Train, a *French* Taylor that has a yard thus—long a Cook whose nose will not offend your Sawce by dropping in't, a Gentleman Sewer that can dance before your Dishes, an able Carver to cut up your Custurds, a Taster that hath a sweet Breath and no rotten Teeth, a Baker whose hand is not mangy; who shall be Lord Chamberlain, Groom of the Stool, your Maids of honour, your Starcher, your Tyrer, Yeoman of your Cellar, Yeomen of your Pantrey, Yeoman of your Pattrey, Clerk of your Kitchin Clerk of the Roles? Lord, I'm even out of Breath with reckoning up your Servitors.

Lady Lambert. How now Audaciousness!

Priss. VVhy seriously I dreamt last Night, an't please your highness that we have been but Princes in disguise all this while, and that our Vizors are now falling off; and who would think that Dreames should come to light so;

Lady Lambert. Now could I tear my flesh, all my hopes are lost.

Priss. No, you say there's one a coming.

Lady Lambert. How this *Fleetwoods* VVife will ore-top me?

Prissilla. Pull her eyes out, and then let a Dog lead her.

Lady

Lady Lambert. Well, Ile do something.

Prissilla. Ile be your second so good and please your Highness.

Exit.

Enter 3 or 4 Prentices.

1 Prentice. Hy Boyes, the Noble General *Philagathus* lay at *Barnet* last night.

2 Prentice. Sayst thou so Champion.

1 Prentice. And the pitiful, pitiful *Lambert*, one of *Do. quixot's* Lords, is in the Tower. Ha's been a Whipster all his Life time, and now is become a staid Gentleman.

2 Prentice. Well said Champion.

1 Prentice. No more of that if you love me, Noble *Philagathus* must be the Cities Champion, Ile resign my Office, and yet be Loyal still.

Omnes. Who will not ? who will not ?

1 Prentice. Then you are my Boyes again ; do you not observe how the Phanatics are trotting out of Town, some of the Rogues begin to Murinie ?

2 Prentices. Hang 'em up then, I crie.

1 Prentice. So say I, by thousands ; noble *Philagathus* enters with love, and they go out with curses, or like the Snuff of a Candle, stinkingly.

3 Prentice. I'm sure they have eaten our Masters up.

1 Prentice. Even to their Bowels, that Trading is become a mere Skelliton.

2 Prentice. Now, I hope we shall see better dayes.

1 Prentice. Ne'r fear it Lads. *Philagathus* is right, and sound to the very Core.

2 Prentice. What will become of our *Exchange Merchant* ?

1 Prentice. What ? he that turn'd part of the House of God into a Den of Theeves.

3 Prentice. The very same, the very same.

1 Prentice. Let him hang himself, and when he is cold meat, the Devil carbanado him for a Break-fast : But heark

heark they are marching out, and [*Drum heard within*]
Philagathus, his honest Souldiers are coming in. Oh let's
 see um ! let's see um.

Omnes. By all means let's see um. *Exit. Running.*

ACT the V. SCENE the I.

*Enter Mrs. Cromwell and the Lady Lambert ; they meet
 at several Doors.*

Mrs. Cromwell. Bleis my Eye-sight ! what's her High-
 nesse without her Train : Where is that pretious Bird thy
 Husband, Cag'd ? His wings are clipt from flying : Faith
 now, this comes of Treacherie : Had he been true to my
 Son *Dick*, he might have still continued honourable, and
 thou a Ladie; and now I know not what to call thee.

Ladie Lambert. Thy rudenesse cannot move me, I im-
 pute it to thy Want of Breeding.

Mrs. Cromwell. My want of Breeding, *Mrs. Mincks*.

Ladie Lambert. We can't expect from Dunghills
 odorous favours : Were our afflictions greater than they
 are, they merit not half the Contempt and Scorn pursues
 thy wretched Familie, and the Memorie of thy abhorred
 Husband.

Mrs. Cromwell. How durst thou name him but with re-
 verence : He that out-did all Histories of Kings or *Kea-
 sers* ; was his own Herald, and could give Titles of Honor
 to the meanest Peasants ; made Brewers, Dray-men, Cob-
 lers, Tinkers, or any bodie Lords : Such was his power,
 no Prince ever did the like : Amongst the rest, that preci-
 ous piece thy Husband was one of his making.

Ladie Lambert. Would we had never known those pain-
 ted Titles that are so easily washt off : [*Enter Fleetwood.*]

But yonder comes the cause of all our miseries.

Fleetwood,

Fleetwood, Ne're go, yonder's my Mother ; I profess, as I'm here, Ide rather meet, ne're stir, a Beggar in my Dish, so I had, as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwel. And, art thou there ? Nay, ne're hide thy face for't, though thou mu'st be alham'd of all thy Actions.

Fleetwood. Why I, forsooth Mother ? I profess, ne're go, not I Mother, as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwel. Call me not Mother : Thou hast ruin'd my Children, and thy self too, like a Fool as thou arr.

Lady Lambert. And me and my Husband, like a Knave as thou arr,

Mrs. Cromwel. Would ever Coxcombe have comitted such folly !

Lady Lambert. Or ever Changling done the Like ! *Jack Adams* is a Man to thee.

Fleetwood. I profess, indeed law, you are strange folks, I profess, ne're go law : Cannot a man, as I'm here, pass the Street, I profess law ? [*walks about the Stage, they follow.*]

Ld. Lamb. Hang thee, thou'rt good for nothing. [*ing him*]

Mrs. Cromwel. But fleeing and fooling.

Ladie Lambert. And how do you, forsooth ? I profess.

Mrs. Cromwel. And truly, I know what I know, and there's an end.

Ladie Lambert. Of an old Song, Few words are best.

Mrs. Cromwel. Ne're go, I'm the greatest man in the Nation, I profess, ne're stir now : Think you what you will, forsooth Mother as I'm here.

Fleetwood. I profess, ne're stir, as I'm here, there's no enduring it, law now, as I'm here, and therefore farewell, as I'm here, for He be gon, ne're stir now. *Exit running.*

Mrs. Cromwel. Nay we'll follow thee, to thy very doores, and ring thee a peal on both sides thy head.

Enter. Prentices with Clubs.

2 *Printice*. Now Champion, what think you of your General *Philagathus* now.

1 *Prentice*. A rope ont, I know not what to think ont :

Was ever such a Rape committed upon a poor She City before? Lay her legs open to the wide world, for every Rogue to peep in her Breech.

3 *Prentice*. 'Tis Monstrous!

2 *Prentice*. Is this the Cities Champion?

1 *Prentice*. Well, On my Conscience he's honest for all this: The plaguy *Rump* has done this Mischief: Well, Club stand stiff to thy Master, some body shall suffer for't: I say no more.

2 *Prentice*. We shall be Coop'd up shortly for Hawks-meat in our Cellars, while they possess our Shops, and Feast upon our Mistresses.

1 *Prentice*. Well, He Warrant the Souldierie will be honest for all this, and then we'l Sindge the Maggots out of the louzy *Rump*, or else Swindge me.

Enter the 4th. Prentice.

4 *Prentice*. News boys, News.

1 *Prentice*. From whence, from *Tripulo*?

4 *Prentice*. From *Guildball*, you Knaves: We shall have a Free Parliament.

Omnes. Hy, hy, hy, [they make a shout.]

4 *Prentice*. The General and the City are agreed, and he has promis'd it.

1 *Prentice*. Oh noble *Philagathus*!

2 *Prentice*. Brave *Philagathus*!

3 *Prentice*. Honorable *Philagathus*!

4 *Prentice*. Renowned *Philagathus*!

1 *Prentice*. Now you infidels, What think you now? Has your Fears and Jealousies left you, or will you still dam your selves up with dirtie Suspicion? You that spoke even now you should be Coop'd up for Hawks-meat; shall be Cramm'd up for Capons; your Cellars shall become Ware-houses, your shops Exchanges, and your Mistresses persons of honor.

Omnes. And, what shall we be?

1 *Prentice*.

1 *Prentice*. Squires of the Body : Honor sufficient enough for men of our rank, Gentlemen.

Omnes. Oh brave Champion!

1. *Prentice*. I tell you, I will have no more of that : Where is *Lilly* now ?

2 *Prentice*. In one of the Twelve Houses.

1 *Prentice*. We'll fire him out of it.

3 *Prentice*. How will the Man in the Moon drink *Clarrer* then ?

1 *Prentice*. *Clarrer* is best burnt, Sir, by your leave.

3 *Prentice*. I, but *Lilly* has thirteen Houses.

1 *Prentice*. A Bakers dozen : we'll fire the odd end first.

Omnes. A Match, a Match ; we'll do't

1 *Prentice*. But now I think on't, we must have no firing of houses, there's a Statute against it : Better once Wise than never.

Omnes. Oh brave Sack!

1 *Prentice*. We'll be merry to night, I'm resolv'd on't, or else never let Prentices perfume to be honest agen, and therefore follow me : bless the General!

Exeunt.

Enter Trotter and Prissilla.

Prissilla. Now Secretary, where's your Titles now ? Not so much as a tittle of 'em remaining, all sunk in the Sand-box.

Trotter. I'm between *Silla* and *Carybdis*, I must confess ; and thou hast gravell'd me, my dear *Priss*.

Prissilla. Hang your Dog Poetry, it made my Lord thrive so ill as he did : I think thou didst infect him ; he us'd to have a Serene brain, and Courage good enough : Sure the Vicar of Fools was his Ghostly Father : Be beat without a blow, there's a Mystery indeed!

Trotter. Truly *Priss*, my Lord could not help it.

Prissilla. Not help it, there's a jest indeed, I'm sure he has help'd himself into prison for't, let who will help him out again. What course wilt thou take now, Secretary ?

I 2

Trotter.

Trotter. Not Horse-courting *Prifs*. Ide have thee know that.

Prifsilla. Why, thou'rt prettie well Timber'd for such an Employment. Canst thou make pens?

Trotter. Yes and Ink too *Prifs*, I tell you but so.

Prifsilla. There will be a Trade indeed for thee.

Trotter. Nay and the worst come to the worst, I can teach to Dance. [*he frisks about.*]

Prifsilla. I confess thy Sword is alwayes Dancing.

Trotter. That's the *Alamode* I learnt in *France*.

Prifsilla. Come if thou canst Dance so well, let's have a frisk if thou dar'st.

Trotter. Truly *Prifs*, I have not my pumps in my pocket.

Prifs. 'Tis well thy Mother left thee Wit enough for an Excuse. [*he draws.*]

Trotter. That is not all, look here, I can fence too—

Prifsilla. What dost thou mean to do! — [*she starts.*]

Trotter. Set your right foot forward, keep a Close guard, have an Eye to your Enemies point, extend your Arms thus. [*she runs and he follows her.*]

Prifsilla. Lord, Lord, the man is mad sure.

Trotter. Traverse your ground, sometimes reverse, as thus: Give back; then come on agen, play with his point: If he makes a pass, put it by, make a home thrust thus, run him thorow and he falls, I Warrant you.

[*she screams.*]

Prifsilla. Put up thy Fools-bawble there: I profess I'll call my Ladie else. [*puts up his Sword.*]

Trotter. Why, did it fright thee, *Prifs*? seriously; I did. but show thee what skill I had at my Weapon.

Prifsilla. Thou wouldst make a rare fellow to fence before the Bears, if there were any.

Trotter. Why, *Prifs*? I dare say I can kill any man living that can't defend himself.

Prifs. Ha, ha, ha, I am of thy mind, that can't Defend himself.

Trotter.

Trotter. Why *Pris's*, such as fight must take all Advantages.

Pris's. And I that do not fight, will take the advantage to leave thee and thy foolery. *Exit.*

Trotter. Nay, dear *Pris's*, ne're go Ile follow thee. *Exit.*

Enter a Boy upon a Colt-staffe carried by two, and others follow him whooping and hollowing.

1. *Prentice*. Silence, Silence, I say.

Omnes. Silence, Silence there.

1. *Prentice*. Gentlemen all, I tell you plain,
My *Rump* does itch, we shall have rain.

Exeunt whooping and hollowing.

A piece of Wood is set forth painted like a pile of Faggots and Fire, and Faggots lying by to supply it.

Enter Prentices and Souldiers.

1. *Prentice*. Come, Gentlemen, you are Welcome,
Sit down, bring some Drink there, 'tis a night of Jubile,
we'll want no Drink while the *Rump* roasts.

[*a Form is set forth.*]

Enter one with Drink.

Here's a Health to your noble General. *Racks are set out*
Souldier. Thank you, young Man. *one turns the spit*

1. *Prentice*. Baste the *Rump* soundly. *with Rumps on't.*

2. *Prentice* It bastes it self, it has been well fed, a Dog
take it: But Pray give us some Drink too, we are almost
Dry roasted.

Enter Frenchman.

Frenchman. *Begarr*. *dis be very lite night, me can find my*
way to my loging, begarr very well, if me not take a Cup to muph
by the way: Now garsoone, what be de matter vint you?

Prentices. Some *larshan* for the Bonfire *Monsieur*.

Frenchman. *Bonefiers! begarr me tinck de grand Divell*
be in the Bon-fiers: There garsoone. What be you? V'll a von done
larshan to de bonfire? *Enter*

Enter Musicians

Musicians. We are Musicians, and will give you a Lesson, *Monsieur.*

Frenchman. A Lesson, dat be very good, begarr me love in vint all mine heart, alle alle vic moy to de bonfire, begarr furboone Company de Souldaie. [they go to the bonfire.]
de Angletar, we love dem vint all min heart, play a lesson, or begarr me vil brake a your Fiddells. They Play.

Omnus. Oh brave *Monsieur!*

Frenchman. Furboone begarr, now give Musicians, play a me de marry Song, me give you de Larshan. short Lesson.

Souldiers. Have you this Song? We came from Scotland.
Musicians. Yes, Sir.

Frenchman. Begarr me vill have a dat.
Song.

We came from Scotland with a small force,
With a hey down down a down a,
But with hearts far truer then steel;
We got by my fay,
The Glory oib' day,
Yet no man a hurt did feel :

[All sing the tune, and throw their hats about their heads.]

When Lambert first our Army did face,
With a Hey down down a down a,
He look'd as fierce as the Devil;
We feared a Rout,
But he wheeled about,
The Gentleman was so Civil.

[All sing the tune again.]

Our General Marcht with the Countreys love,
With a hey down down a down a,
All persons to him did address;
Small money we spent,
For we found as we Went,
Good friends, and here find no less.

[Sing all again.]

Frenchman. Furboone, begar furboone, done moy be toder
Cup burn a de Rump. 1 Prentice

1 Prentice. That has been often done in your Countrey,
Mounſieur.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill dance about de Bonfire, come
vitt me men.*

They dance about
the Bonfire

Omnes. Oh brave Mounſieur.

Enter Prifſilla

Prifſilla. Let my Ladie ſay what ſhe will, I will ſee the
Bonfire.

Frenchman. *Begarr Maitreſſe you be a very fine* She offers to
Shentileve man, begarr me dance one time vitt you, get from
may begarr you noe ſerve a me foe. him.

Prifſilla. I cannot dance indeed, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill have on touch vitt you, Maitreſſe.*

1 Prentice. What before all this Companie, Mounſieur?

Frenchman. *Datt me vill begarr.*

Prifſilla. Well, if I muſt dance, play Fortune my foe.

1 Prentice. No, Sellingers Round, We are beginning the
World again.

Frenchman. *Me vill have none of dat, me vill have a de*
Corrant of de foot ſa ſaw, come Maitreſſe and a [ſings a tune.
me your hand, courage courage Maitreſſe. [they dance.

Prifſilla. Well, now indeed I muſt be gon, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill ſee you to your loging, pardon
a moy.*

Prifſilla. By no means, I ſhall be knockt oth' head then.

Frenchman. *Mee no care for dat, par ma moy adue jee von*
remercy pour dis brone Company, adue petit garſone.

Omnes. Adue Mounſieur.

2 Prentice. What are you reſolved to do? Every man
to his home, or ſhall we make a Night on't.

Omnes. A night on't, a night on't.

1 Prentice. Come to the next Bonfire.

Omnes. To the next Bonfire, to the next Bonfire.

Exeunt, whooping and hollowing

Enter Whitlock, Wareſtone, Huſon, and Deſborough.

Deſb. We have played our Cards fair.

Huſon.

Huson. I deny, it, We have not played our Cards fair.
Wareston. Bred Sirs; then yee have plaid then saw, and
 that's saw play good feath, Sirs.

Whitlock. A Fool had the shuffling of them, the game
 had gone better else.

Wareston. The saw deel himlef was Trump, Sirs; I think
 sirs we ha had nee good luck, Sirs, this bout.

Whitlock. We are lost Sirs, utterlie lost.

Huson. No Sir, we are found Sir, catcht in a Net of
 our own making.

Desbr. Thou wouldst give all the Shooes in thy Shop to
 be out of t.

Huson. Is there no remedie, my Lord *Whitlock*?

Desbr. No remedie against the Kings Evill.

Wareston. Bred, hees no Doctor, Sirs, hees my Noble
 Lye, Sirs.

Huson. Whose Keeper of the great Seal now?

Desbr. Where will you find your 1000*l.* p. annum now,

Wareston. Bred Sirs, doe yee gire, do yee gire? hees gite
 nought, Sirs nar I of any the gifts I had geen me good feath.

Desbr. Hark you Mr. Lawyer, have you ere a *Habu-*
lus Corpulus to remove us from the Storm is coming?

Huson. With a Razer Syffers, or what a Devil do
 you call it.

Desbr. You are Politick, will you sell a pennie worth
 of Pollicie, Sir?

Wareston. Bred, he had meere need buy some to save his
 eregg, Sirs.

Huson. Come lets let's leave the Law in the Lurch,
 and every man shift for himself? Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Desbr. Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Wareston. Adue! Mr. Lye.

Exeunt.

Whitlock. How monstrously have I expos'd my felf to
 the dirtie Censure of the basest Creatures, things never
 mentioned but with scorn, and now I am become the
 Thesis unto theirs? The very Coblter reads a Lecture to me,
 and I'm convinc'd, I should amend my manners, and
 become

become Loyal Diſtates long before Divinitie diſcovered ?
There's no ſin like that we know, and that we ſurſet in.

Enter Trotter.
Trotter. Do you want any Pens or Inks? Pens or Ink ?
Will you Fence, or will you Dance ? What Pens and Ink
do you want, Gentlemen ?

Enter Priſilla, with her Basket of Oranges and Lemmons.

Priſilla. Fine Civil Oranges, fine Lemmons ; fine civil
Oranges, fine Lemmons : Me thinks it ſounds very well ;
a pox of her Tallowſte for me, no matter, ne're repine
Wench, chy Trade's both pleaſant and profitable, and if
any Gentleman take me up, I am ſtill, Fine civil Oranges,
fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Pens or Ink, Pens, Pens or Ink ?

Priſilla. 'Tis heere. *Trotter.*

Trotter. Priſilla my dear Priſilla, to your ſervice.

Priſilla. Why how now Secretarie, thou ſeeſt my words
are come to paſſe, I knew what a Lord thou wouldſt be :
But Fortune's a VV hore.

Trotter. A whip take her : But ſhall we meet now, Priſilla ?

Priſilla. I think we are met Trotter, although unhappilie.

Trotter. I mean upon equal terms.

VVareſton. Will you buy a goodly Ballad, or a Scots Spar
Sirs, will ye buy a goodly ballad, or a Scot Spar Bird, any
thing to live in this World ? Bred giſt I ſud gang intell my none
Countrey, my Cregg would be ſtrecht two inches longer than
tis : Will ye buy a goodly Ballad, or a Scots Spar-Sir, will ye
buy a Line, a Jack-line, a Line a Jack Lamberts Line ?

Trotter. 'Tis the Lord Warrſton.

Priſilla. No more Lord than thy ſelf Trotter, Let's have
ſome ſport with him, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons :
VVill your Lordſhip buy any Lemmons and Oranges ?
Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Trotter. Ink or pens, Ink or pens, will your Lordſhip
buy any Ink or pens for the Committee of ſeſſions ?

Warrſton. Bred giſt what a Whore and a Knave ſhe is.
Enter

Enter Desbrough. *Desbrough.* *And level second*

Desb. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips, hoe, did ever Lord cry Turnips before? But a pox of Lordships would I had my old Farm over my head again, Turnips, Turnips Turnips hoe, Turn-up, Mistle, and Turn-up the Maid, and who buyes my long Turnips ho

Prissilla. He does it rarely well; Fine Oranges, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons,

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens for the Lord *Desbrough.*

Wareton. *Breaks his hand, and says, 'Which sure, how does your good Lady, Sir?'*

Desb. What my Lord *Wareton?*

Wareton. Ne bred e good lme ne meere a Lord then yer neene self, my *Huson* is in the dust, *Sir.*

Enter, one-eyed Huson.

Huson. Have you any old Books or Shoes to mend, I have help to underlay the Government this 20. years, and have been upon the mending hand, but I fear now I shall be brought to my Last & therefore ought to mind my end, will you buy *Shots* for Brooms, or Brooms for *Shots?*

Prissilla. On a Knaive for a whip, or a whip for a Knaive; Fine civil Oranges, Fine Lemmons,

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens, how do you my Lord?

Huson. Dost mock me fellow? Who are these?

Wareton. My good friend,

Desb. Brother *Huson*, and how, and how?

Huson. And what, and what? and a pox O that, and that; let's embrace however.

Enter Mrs. Cromwell with Boyes after her.

Mrs. Cromwell. What *Kitchin* have you Maids? was ever *Prince* brought to such a sale? what *Kitchin* have you Maids?

Boy. Gammer *Cromwell*, our Maids calls you.

Mrs. Cromwell. Where you *Rascal*?

Boy. In my

Mrs. Cromwell. You Rogue do you things down her Tub abuse me? He claw your eyes out, and runs after him.

Exit. *Enter.*

Enter again presently and takes up her Tub.

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh Dick! Oh Dick! Did ever I think to come to this? What Kitchen-stuffe have you Maids, Maids have you any Kitchen-stuffe Maids?

Prissilla. Fine civil Oranges, Fine Lemmons, Will your Ladyship buy any Oranges and Lemmons?

Ms. Cr. Dost thou mock me Bagage? He be at thee presently.

Trotter. No indeed she does not, 'tis Priss my Lady Lambert's. Woman, and I am Trotter her Secretary.

Mrs. Cromwell. How? thou hast walkt fair indeed, where is her Highness now?

Priss. They say she intends to cry fresh Cheese & Cream.

Mrs. Cromwell. She has brought her hogs to a fair market.

Huson. And so we have all me-thinks.

Mrs. Cromwell. What art thou there too?

Warehon. Bred and lfe here is; and my good Loord Desborough, bred a good beeres sene a Jolly Company.

Mrs. Cromwell. It somewhat palliates my miserie, That in afflictions you like Sharers be.

Enter Kessy. Water maids water, who buyes my sweet water, oh my dainty Conduic water, three Pales a penny.

Prissilla. Come let's mind our business, words are but wind, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons. *Exit.*

Trotter. Ink or Pens, Ink or pens, will you buy any Ink or Pens? *Exit.*

VVareston. Will yee buy a goodly Ballad, or a Scott Spurr will yee buy a Jack-line a Jack Lamberts line, or a line for a Jack a Lambert. *Exit.*

Desbr. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips hoe! Turn-up Mistress, and Turn-up Maid, and Turn-up my Cousin and be not a fraid of a long, long, Red Turn-up ho. *Exit.*

Huson. Boots or Shoes, Boots or Shoes to mend? *Exit.*

Mrs. Cromwell. What kitchen-stuffe have you Maids? what kitchen-stuffe have you Maids? *Exit.*

Enter Whitlock.

Whitlock. I am a poor Lawyer Gentlemen, and can shew you *Legersmann* for your money, no *Hacks* points like.

But say, I have two more, which, if I should
bring them here, have many causes to justify them. First
my Bag is a *Flap* for them; I am for that
Cause brings me most profit, be it good or bad; but
indeed have been better experienced in the bad, and now
would fain follow the good Cause and sure honesty; but, I
must hardly grow rich then, you'll say, and that would
vex a man.

ben ore flattery, for to my grief I find
that will get, do scatter, with the wind.
Have you any work for a poor honest Lawyer, for a
poor honest Lawyer, I am your next man, Gentlemen.
Ambition and base Avarice, adieu!
Howe're your Glories form, they are not true.

EPILOGUE

TIs done, and now to Censure; But be just;
To that the Author and the Actors trust;
You have here in a *MIRROUR* seen the Crimes
Of the late Pagan *Changeling* *Titus*.
Let me Survey your Brows — They are Scrowls,
Not clouded, or disturb'd with what you see;
None whose grand Guilt appears touch'd to the quick,
And in Revenge would 'gainst their *MIRROUR* tickle;
Nor in a Corner can I opt desert
Kneeling, that dare gaze *Bellarmino* the Lie.
So that we do conclude, the *Authors* fear
Is now removed, there's no *Phanias* here.
You are a glorious & resolute, clear as Day,
And innocent as Buds that sprout in May.
Tis you must gild our *Heaven* here, and give
A life to us who willingly would live.
Then, if you please to grant us our Request,
Sign as your *Servants*, and we'll do our best.

THE END.

